

"TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA"

Written for the screen

by

• Earl Felton

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FADE IN:

1. A DARK AND ROLLING OCEAN with a steamship reaching through a lonely passage, a ship of the period with smoking stack, churning paddles, yards, masts and sails outlined against a midnight sky. Softly heard are the tinkling notes of a concertina and sailors singing, music at sea. In the distance barren islands rise sharply and a few forlorn stars cast an uncertain light, but there is no moon and the black waters reflect nothing. A title reads:

In the year 1868 the shipping world was alarmed by rumors of an avenging monster on the loose. A series of strange events befell certain vessels cruising the great South Seas, and travel along this nightmare sea lane dwindled to a few bold ships...
2. SOMETHING ZIPS BENEATH THE SURFACE, a ghostly shape, indistinct and massive, rising to one side, crouching. A monstrous head drips weed and kelp. Frog-like eyes with heavy lids observe steamship as it moves away. Suddenly, an awful sighing sound is heard and the mass pyramids from the water, exposing a jagged beak. The eyes light up, shimmering and evil. With a roar the horror lunges ahead, thrashing the water into foaming fury, streaking away in a dazzling wake straight for the hapless ship. As it screams past, a gigantic dorsal fin slices the horizon.
3. THE FIERCE GLOW THROWS THE ISLANDS into bold relief, pinpointing the ship. The light grows brighter still, and the death rattle of sound louder.
4. OUT.
5. LIKE A PEN AND INK DRAWING the ship is silhouetted against the white limestone cliffs of the islands, a black and white tracery of masts, spars, rigging and hull, flickering insanely. A crash is heard. The ship heels over, spreading her masts in ghostly reflection against the cliffs. Rolling

5. CONTINUED

back, the foremast snaps off. The sails droop limply, shrouds tangling. Down goes the bow, the ship teetering vertically, stern high. As the glow dies, so does the ship. The moaning drops to a mournful whisper, and now the wails of the crew are heard as a single awful shriek, rising above the rending, splintering thunder of snapping timbers and falling gear. The ship plunges into darkness, the screams of drowning men echoing from the sea. Gradually, the light dims to nothing, leaving only the cliffs as witness, and all is quiet as before.

DISSOLVE TO:

6. A FOGGY DAY OUTSIDE THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE of the Great Western Steam Packet Company where the burly agent is addressing a crowd of seamen in the muddy street.

THE AGENT

I say there ain't no monster, but we need men an' just to treat you fair'n square we're paying double wages an' a bonus, from Frisco to Shanghai and back, all found..!

A voice challenges him from the crowd.

VOICE

All dead, you mean!

Casey Moore, a broad-shouldered giant, leaps to the back of a wagon.

CASEY

Don't sign with him, mates.
You can't buy th' monster off
with double wages an' a bonus!
You'll never get back to Frisco
to collect your pay!

The agent, furious, darts offscene as Casey notes with satisfaction the crowd's alarm.

CASEY

I got a man here who sailed on th'
Golden Arrow an' lived to tell
about it.

(calls off)

Tell 'em what you saw, Billy!

A shabby derelict, hobbling on a crutch, approaches the wagon.

6. CONTINUED

BILLY

It was th' monster, alright. A cable's length long from beak to tail, it came bellerin' outa th' night! With one big oye like a lighthouse!

(pounds crutch)

Whoosh! We're stove in t'star-board!

(smacks wagon with crutch)

Kerplunk! We're smashed t'port! Then up it comes 'midships, breaks our back an' sinks us! Forty poor sailormen drowned dead or eaten up whole!

(wildly)

God's vengeance, it was!

Another sailor shouts from the crowd.

SAILOR

Th' man's right! I had a shipmate aboard th' Golden Arrow an' he saw it, same as you -- only it had two big eyes! And claws!

BILLY

I don't remember no claws. I was up forward an' saw everything, too.

CASEY

(enthusiastically)

What's the difference?

(to sailor)

Your mate was probably stationed farther aft. Th' point is this thing's a ship killer -- and it's a miracle old Billy's alive today, mates!

(to Billy)

Tell 'em about it's teeth, Billy.

BILLY

Big as a mainsail, I swear, an' a breath like a furnace.

Ned Land edges forward, grinning.

NED

You've got a pretty strong breath yourself, my easy-talkin' friend.

(walking over)

You mind answering a few questions?

I'm a harpooner by trade an' monsters interest me.

6. CONTINUED

NED (con't.)
(with a glance at Casey)
All kinds.

Casey drops off the wagon as Ned approaches Billy.

CASEY
Keep away from him, you noisy sea-lawyer!

NED
I just want to smell his breath.
I can already smell yours.
(turns to crowd)
Why, boiled down for his oils, lads,
thero'd be free grog for all hands --
if you could swallow it on top of his
tall yarns...

Casey seizes Billy's crutch, swings it high and brings it down on Ned's head. The crutch flies apart and the harpooner spins into the gutter as the agent appears with several policemen.

AGENT
There they are!

POLICE
(yelling)
Here - stop it!

Old Billy flees with the grace of an antelope as Casey turns to follow, but Ned, caked with mud, scrambles to his feet, seizes him, whirls him around and plants such a blow that the agitator gallops backwards across the sidewalk, collides with the glass window and shatters it. Before he can disentangle himself from posters, maps and the ruins of a ship model, the police have pounced on him. Ned is running for his life, leaping on the wagon, off the other side with two policemen on his heels.

POLICE
Halt! You're under arrest!

They head him off at the corner and he is quickly subdued as the crowd mills across the street in confusion, the police laying hands on all within reach.

7. AN OPEN CARRIAGE pulls up in the melee, the horse rearing as sailors, Chinese, women and shouting officers block the street. A driver sits on the box and behind him are Pierre Aronnax and Conseil, the latter excitedly reacting to the boisterous scene as the Professor calmly turns the pages of a book he is reading.

7. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

(shocked)

Another massacre!

(to driver)

Driver - isn't there a better road to the docks?

The driver squirts a stream of tobacco.

DRIVER

Montgomery's shorter, I reckon.

CONSEIL

Then why didn't you take it?

DRIVER

Havin' a tong war over there.

Exasperated, Conseil sinks back in his seat.

CONSEIL

What a town! Riots, lynchings and street brawls. I shan't be sorry to leave San Francisco, Professor.

Aronnax looks up absently from his book, smiling.

ARONNAX

Reminds one of Bastille Day, doesn't it? Something doing every minute.

The driver turns in his seat.

DRIVER

There's a hanging scheduled for eight tonight, in case you're interested.

CONSEIL

Definitely not! We'll be at sea by that time and thankful for it.

DRIVER

Thankful? I'd rather be hung than go to sea.

(cracks whip)

Haven't you heard about th' monster?

The carriage jolts forward as Aronnax chuckles and fills his pipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

8. THE CARRIAGE DRAWS TO A STOP on the wharf, Aronnax and Conseil alighting as the driver unloads their bags. A porter hurries out of the shipping office. Burdened with luggage, an old gentleman walking behind him.

PORTER

(to driver)

You might as well put those back - the sailing's been cancelled.

ARONNAX

Cancelled? Again?

CONSEIL

We'll see about this.

(to driver)

Wait here.

He starts for the shipping office with Aronnax as the old gentleman and the porter exit out of scene.

9. FROM INSIDE THE SHIPPING OFFICE we can see Aronnax and Conseil approaching through the window. At a desk in foreground, Evans, the shipping agent, faces an irate group of passengers, among them a missionary and his wife.

MISSIONARY

Surely you can't strand us in this wicked town. I simply have to be in the Solomons by Christmas -- the mission expects me.

EVANS

I can't help it, Reverend.

(waves arm)

There's not a manjack'll step aboard while this monster's on the loose.

The agent indicates a forest of masts outside window as Aronnax and Conseil crowd forward, the missionary turning helplessly to the Professor.

MISSIONARY

Those poor heathens. They won't have a stitch on by the time we get there.

He exits with wife, shaking his head.

ARONNAX

(to Evans)

Is this true - about the sailing being cancelled?

9. CONTINUED

EVANS

Unfortunately, yes, Professor Aronnax. The crew deserted this morning.

Several reporters in background react to Aronnax's name as Conseil intervenes.

CONSEIL

But we've simply got to reach Saigon - Isn't there another ship?

EVANS

Not a thing, I'm sorry.

(pointing)

The clerk will refund your passage money.

(to passengers)

Next.

Aronnax and Conseil step aside, the Professor sighing.

CONSEIL

Halfway around the world from Paris, and now this happens.

ARONNAX

(shrugs)

Well, there's nothing we can do about it.

CONSEIL

Except pack and unpack. I've been doing it for a month..

Conseil exits towards clerk at end of counter as Aronnax starts out of the office, only to be ambushed by the reporters at the door.

1ST REPORTER

At any rate, Professor, San Francisco will have the honor of your company a little longer.

(doffing hat)

I'm from the Bulletin, and these gentlemen represent the Globe and the Post. We're interested in your opinion of this monster.

ARONNAX

My opinion? Frankly, it's rather low at the moment.

(exiting)

Actually I don't know anymore than you do.

9. CONTINUED

The reporters follow him onto:

10. THE WHARF where Aronnax begins walking towards the carriage, the reporters keeping step.

2ND REPORTER

What does the National Museum in Paris think about it, Professor?

ARONNAX

(walking)

I can't answer that.

1ST REPORTER

We heard this expedition of yours was to gather facts on the monster.

Aronnax stops at the carriage, taking out his pipe.

ARONNAX

I'm afraid you were misinformed. My reasons for going to the Orient are purely scientific.

(ruefully)

If I ever get there.

1ST REPORTER

Professor, doesn't the giant narwhale reach a length of eighty feet?

Conseil enters scene, displeased with this procedure.

CONSEIL

Why don't you ask a fish that?

ARONNAX

(diplomatically)

If we could go deep enough we'd all be surprised at the creatures down there.

Conseil tugs at Aronnax's arm.

1ST REPORTER

(scribbling)

Could such a creature destroy a ship or drag it under?

ARONNAX

(climbs in carriage)

It might - if it were big enough.

10. CONTINUED

CONSEIL
Be careful, professor.
(to reporter)
Don't print that.

He gets in beside the professor.

ARONNAX
I'll prepare a statement later.

The professor settles down in the seat and lights his pipe.

2ND REPORTER
Then you don't deny such a monster
could exist - is that correct?

ARONNAX
(laughingly)
I'm not denying anything.

CONSEIL
(uneasily)
Are you sure?
(to reporter)
What're you drawing there?

1ST REPORTER
(innocently)
A sketch - of the monster.
(pockets pad)
Thank you, Professor.

ARONNAX
Good day...

Beaming, the reporters lift their hats.

CONSEIL
Back to the hotel, driver.

The carriage starts and the first reporter takes out the pad,
the others examining it.

2ND REPORTER
Now put the wings on it.

Consoil reacts as the carriage moves out of scene. The first
reporter working with his pencil as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

11. IN THE HOTEL ROOM Conseil is dutifully unpacking in the light of oil lamps, removing clothes from two big valises and hanging them in a closet. He turns, surprised, as the door flies open and Aronnax enters, clutching a newspaper.

ARONNAX

(greatly agitated)

Will you look at this? Just look
what they've done to me!

(displays paper)

I made no such claims as these!
Look at this drawing!

CONSEIL

(takes paper)

Has it got wings on it?

- 12-13. ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EVENING BULLETIN is an enormous drawing of some hideous creature soaring over the waves, flapping its wings and carrying an entire ship in its jaws, dripping ooze and sailors. The caption reads:

"MONSTER EXISTS, SAYS FRENCH
SCIENTIST IN WARNING TO WORLD!"

Conseil reads the above and continues with the balance of the story.

CONSEIL'S VOICE

Living horrors of the deep were
described today by Professor
Aronnax of the Paris National
Museum....

Conseil looks up from the paper and shakes his head.

ARONNAX

(fuming)

Sea serpents longer than a city
block!

CONSEIL

(reading)

And larger still at greater depths.

(indicates drawing)

This is the most far-fetched thing yet.

Aronnax cocks his head at the drawing, unable to tear his eyes away. He takes the paper from Conseil.

ARONNAX

Far-fetched? I think the proportion's
about right on the monster.

He purses his lips, thinking.

12-13. CONTINUED

CONSEIL
You're not serious!

ARONNAX
(sits down)
Oh, I don't mean flying off with
a ship in its mouth. But the
general size...
(puts on glasses)
When you think about it, it's
rather an interesting conception.

A knock at the door causes them both to turn. A tall, dignified man stands in the open doorway, removing his hat. This is John Howard.

HOWARD
Excuse me - Professor Aronnax?

Conseil is already in motion.

CONSEIL
No more reporters!. Please!
You've done enough damage.. The
Professor's busy now.

HOWARD
(smiling)
But I'm not a reporter. I represent
the United States Government. May I
come in?

ARONNAX
By all means - come in.

Howard enters, proffering his card to Aronnax, who rises as Conseil shuts the door.

ARONNAX
Won't you sit down Mr. -
(scans card)
Howard?

Removing his gloves, Howard lays his hat on the table as Conseil bustles over, examining the card in Aronnax's hand. With new respect Conseil pulls up a chair.

CONSEIL
Right here, sir.

12-13. CONTINUED

HOWARD

(seats himself)

Thank you.

(to Aronnax)

I'll be brief, Professor. When do you have to be in Saigon?

Aronnax sits down, attempting to cover the newspaper.

ARONNAX

Well, I should be there now, but the first of the year would do.

HOWARD

(blandly)

What would you say if we could get you to Saigon by the first, but by a roundabout route, a cruise of three or four months through the South Seas. Would you accept?

ARONNAX

I'd be interested, naturally.

HOWARD

Good.

(smiles)

Then I see no reason why you and your apprentice shouldn't consider yourselves guests of the United States Government until we set you ashore in Saigon - do you?

ARONNAX

Why, no but I'm curious. This is rather sudden.

Conseil comes back from closet, still holding the suit, keeping a sharp eye on the visitor.

CONSEIL

Why have you honored the Professor this way?

HOWARD

I think the honor's ours.

(to Aronnax)

As the foremost authority on the sea and its mysteries, you can be an excellent observer, Professor. Your observations could greatly influence public opinion, and we could either confirm or deny certain rumors.

12-13. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

I know it!
(to Aronnax)
This concerns the monster.

ARONNAX

Is that true?

HOWARD

Very much so. In fact that's the
entire purpose of this expedition.
(slyly, with a glance)
According to the papers, you seem
to believe the rumors.

Aronnax squirms uncomfortably.

CONSEIL

(loyally)
The Professor was misquoted - out-
rageously.

ARONNAX

(embarrassed)
I'm afraid I was, but I have an open
mind on the subject.

Conseil takes down some clothes from the closet.

HOWARD

All the better. Our position is
entirely neutral, too, but we can't
afford to ignore the fact that ship-
ping is at a virtual standstill not
only here, but elsewhere in the world.

(significantly)
There are other nations besides ours
forming expeditions.

(takes out watch)
I like to think ours has the ad-
vantage, if for no other reason than
you might consent to join us.

ARONNAX

(hesitantly)
That's very kind of you.

He glances at Conseil, who nods vigorously, slamming the
lid of the valise.

CONSEIL

(emphatically)
We accept.

12-13. CONTINUED

He makes a quick trip to the closet for more clothes.

HOWARD

(rising)

That's settled then. If you don't mind now, I'd like you to come downstairs and meet Captain Farragut. He's in command of the warship you're sailing on, and I might add he has rather strong ideas on the subject of sea monsters.

Aronnax gets up, Conseil dumping garments in the other valise.

ARONNAX

You mean his mind's not open?

HOWARD

(chuckling)

Most emphatically not.

Conseil hands Howard his hat.

CONSEIL

(bowing)

France salutes you, sir.

Smiling, Howard crosses to the door with Aronnax, Conseil scurrying ahead to open it for them. As they exit we -

DISSOLVE TO:

14.

THE DINING ROOM where a string orchestra is playing in the colorful atmosphere of old San Francisco, a warm, gaslit scene peopled with types of the period. Aronnax and Howard enter and walk across the room to find Captain Farragut and his mate, Mr. Hardy, at a corner table, finishing a lobster dinner. Farragut, a solid, well-spoken navy man, has the newspaper with Aronnax's monster story open at his side. A bottle of vermouth is open at Farragut's side.

HOWARD

Your passenger, Captain.

(introducing them)

Professor Aronnax, Captain
Farragut of the United States
Armed Frigate Abraham Lincoln.

14. CONTINUED

Farragut rises, shaking Aronnax's hand.

FARRAGUT

A pleasure, sir.

(indicates Hardy)

My executive officer, Mr. Hardy.

Aronnax and Howard shake hands with Hardy and sit down.

ARONNAX

This is quite an honor being included on your expedition, Captain. I appreciate it.

FARRAGUT

It's not my expedition. I only follow orders and command the ship. Frankly, I think it's a waste of good steam.

(with a glance at Howard)

I guess Mr. Howard's told you my opinion of these sea serpent yarns. No offense to you, Professor, but I read your statement in the paper here - and I'm not convinced.

ARONNAX

(with a laugh)

The statement was greatly exaggerated, Captain.

FARRAGUT

(smiles)

Well, I should hope so.

(slaps paper)

This is nothing I'd like to meet up with.

HOWARD

Nor would I, but whether you do or not, doesn't alter the fact a score of ships have been lost under mysterious circumstances.

ARONNAX

(earnestly)

How do you account for these disasters, Captain?

FARRAGUT

A series of unfortunate coincidences, the usual hazards of the sea -- storms, reefs, acts of God. As for the explosions and fires, you can lay them to faulty boilers and the misuse of steam, nothing else.

14. CONTINUED

ARONNAX

And the men who claim to have actually seen the monster - what about them?

FARRAGUT

Professor, there have been more hair-brained versions of this monster than the navy has beans. Sailors are a superstitious breed at best. And when they've been too long at sea their eyes play them tricks.

(laughs)

In the event we do hook this monster, it'll not catch us napping. The Lincoln is fully-manned and well-armed.

(ticking them off)

One artist, two reporters, a pair of lackeys to wait on them. We've even got a master harpooner, a handy man with an iron.

MR. HARDY

He's a handy man with his fists, too. At the moment he's in jail for street fighting. I only hope we can bail him out in time.

FARRAGUT

Anyhow, you see the kind of ark I'm running. All we need's a chimney sweep and a baboon to box the compass.

During the above he has been filling some goblets from the vermouth bottle.

ARONNAX

(smiling)

At least I shan't lack for company.

Howard, Aronnax, Hardy and Farragut lift their glasses.

HOWARD

To success, gentlemen.

FARRAGUT

Success.

14. CONTINUED

ARONNAX
(touching glasses)
To the monster.

For a moment, Farragut hesitates to drink; then, with the others, they down the toast.

DISSOLVE TO:

15. THE BOW OF THE WARSHIP cuts through the water in a burst of spray and, as the ship sweeps past, a full panorama of the southern ocean is revealed, sea birds wheeling up from the foaming wake, soaring over the masts into a tropic sky.

ARONNAX'S VOICE
We headed south and excitement ran high. Every man aboard was on the lookout and a watch was kept day and night....

16. FAR UP IN THE CROW'S NEST the lookout scans the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

17. THE PACIFIC OCEAN AT NIGHT as the warship steams by, dipping gracefully into the long Pacific rollers. The chiming of the ship's bell is heard -- midnight.

18. THE CREW clings to the shrouds, watchful silhouettes, eyes strained to penetrate the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. THE COMPASS CARD REVOLVES LAZILY.

ARONNAX'S VOICE
For the first month we steamed in circles, crossing and re-crossing our course. There was no sign of our quarry.

20. THE HELMSMAN spins the spokes.

21. IN THE WARD ROOM Captain Farragut is bending over the chart with the mate, Mr. Hardy, plotting the course.

21. CONTINUED

ARONNAX'S VOICE
Regardless of his own feelings
in the matter, Captain Farragut
left nothing to chance.

22. THE MAP OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC BROKEN UP INTO SQUARES ZIG-
ZAGGING ACROSS THE MAP. We show the ship's course.

ARONNAX'S VOICE
With traditional thoroughness,
the navy plan was to cut the
South Pacific into squares and
search each square.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. THE WARSHIP comes about on her course.

DISSOLVE TO:

24. THE LOOKOUT is pointing off.

SHOUTS (O.S.)
Ahoy, the deck - there's an object
dead ahead!

25. THE CREW, with Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land, rush to
the rail and look off.

26. A THICK PATCH OF WEED drifts towards the ship, undulating
and lifting to the swell. Only when it is close alongside
is it recognized.

27. ARONNAX, CONSEIL and NED LAND at the rail, registering
disappointment and disgust.

ARONNAX'S VOICE
False alarms were common and
they didn't help our morale.

DISSOLVE TO:

28. ON THE BRIDGE Captain Farragut signals the helmsman, who
spins the wheel back.

29. THE MATE shoots the sun with his sextant.
30. A HAND PLOTS THE COURSE on the chart and we see the tangled criss-cross lines of the ship's movement to date.
31. THE LOOKOUT IS SHOUTING from the masthead.

LOOKOUT

Big fish! Bearing to starboard!
Off the bow!

32. A SCHOOL OF WHALES is sighted, the giant mammals moving along in a straight line, disporting themselves.
33. ARONNAX AND CONSEIL at the rail with members of the crew looking off watching the whales.
34. NED LAND, indifferent, picks up his guitar, strumming "Whale of a Tale."
35. THE WARSHIP cruising at dusk, sparks boiling from the tall funnel trailing a long black ribbon of smoke.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

For endless days and nights we
scoured the South Pacific. Our
hopes began to wane.

DISSOLVE TO:

36-37-38 OUT.

39. THE WARD ROOM as Captain Farragut enters from his quarters to face Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

It came as no surprise when Captain
Farragut on the night of December
8, 1868, summoned us to the ward
room.

Farragut clears his throat.

FARRAGUT

Gentlemen, I believe my obligation
to this legend has been dispatched.

39. CONTINUED

FARRAGUT (cont'd)

(spreads out charts)

I offer these charts in evidence.
They represent an accurate record
of three and a half month's cruising
under steam in search of a sea
monster. In my considered opinion
no such monster exists, or ever did.

ARONNAX

You're abandoning the search?

FARRAGUT

There's no other choice, Professor.
If we've gained nothing else we can
at least put the lie to those rumors
and make the newspapers retract
their exaggerations.

ARONNAX

It doesn't seem to me we've proved
anything one way or the other, Captain.

FARRAGUT

Well, I don't feel justified in wasting
further time. My decision stands.
(turns abruptly)
We'll set you ashore in Saigon..

He exits, leaving Aronnax to fill his pipe, Ned glancing
at the Professor with understanding.

NED

Cheer up, Professor. You'll
forget all about fishin' when
you see the gals in Saigon..

ARONNAX

(nettled)

I thought they promised you a bonus
if you harpooned this monster, Ned.

NED

They did, knowing full well I couldn't
collect it. When I get back I'm ship-
ping out on th' first whaler that'll
take me.

(grins)

I won't get rich, but I won't be
sitting around, picking my teeth
with my harpoon.

39. CONTINUED

He makes a move to leave.

CONSEIL

(to Aronnax)

Perhaps we're lucky. It
might have sunk us.

NED

I doubt it, mate: I've
yet to see whale, dolphin
or sea unicorn strong enough
for that. And I've been
around a little.

ARONNAX

But you've never gone six miles
deep, my friend. At those depths,
with pressures of millions of
pounds to the square inch, ordinary
mammals would be crushed flat.
Consider the enormous power of a
monster that could survive such
pressures.

Ned smiles, hitches his trousers.

NED

Be a good loser, Professor.
(starts out)

Th' fish that got away is always
th' biggest one.

With this, he goes up the companionway stairs.

CONSEIL

(gloomily)

What a pity. I know you had
visions of that monster mounted
in the National Museum.

ARONNAX

(shakes head)

It would probably have been to
big for that anyhow.

CONSEIL

Even an ear would've helped.

They look up through the skylight as we hear Ned singing
the opening bars of "A Whale of a Tale," accompanying
himself on the guitar.

39. CONTINUED

NED

(singing)
Got a whale of a tale to tell ya, lads.
A whale of a tale or two.
'Bout flappin' fish an' th' girls I've
loved.
On nights like this with th' moon above.
A whale of a tale an' it's all true.
I swear by my tatoo....

As he continues with the verse, Aronnax motions Conseil
and they climb the companionway stairs to:

40. THE DECK where Ned is sprawled in the lee of a longboat,
singing and playing to a group of sailors. Aronnax and
Conseil come out of the hatch, listening.

NED

(singing)
There was Typhoon Tessie
Met her on Th' coast of Java
When we kissed I bubbled up like molten lava
Then she gave me th' scare of my young life
Blow me down an' pick me up
She was th' Captain's wife...!

Aronnax and Conseil move closer as Ned swings into the
chorus, seguing into the second verse:

NED

There was Harpoon Hanna
Had a face that gave you shudders
Lips like fish hooks
And a pair of ears like rudders
If I kissed her and held her tenderly
There's no sea monster big enough
To ever frighten me...

The last is directed at Aronnax who is forced to smile.
The crew laughs enthusiastically, the ship rolling gently,
masts swaying against a pattern of stars overhead.

ARONNAX

(starting off)
Well, nobody seems to take our
monster too seriously. Perhaps
we shouldn't....

A sudden brilliant flash lights every corner of the ship.
Ned lays down the guitar, rising. Sudden darkness ensues
to be followed by an even brighter flash which continues

40. CONTINUED

with flickering intensity slowly dying out as the sailors leap to their feet, Aronnax and Conseil running for the rails to stare off at the horizon. Only now do we hear the explosion, distant, muffled, a deep boom echoing across the ocean.

41. THE HORIZON past silhouettes of men bunched at the rails, perched on the deckhouse, a few clinging to the shrouds. Far away a pillar of flame licks up into the sky, spreading into a bright twinkling glow tipped with smoke and showers of sparks. There are wild yells: "A ship's burning! A ship blew up! Look at her burn!" Another blast is heard, the sound reaching us a few moments after a dazzling display of flames shooting up in fiery puffs.

42. THE BRIDGE where Captain Farragut lowers a telescope and enters to the man at wheel.

FARRAGUT

Hard over - bear for that ship.
(to Hardy)

Mr. Hardy, pipe all hands to quarters. Stand by to pick up survivors.

MATE

Aye, sir.

He exits on the run as the helmsman spins the wheel and Farragut steps to the engine telegraph, jamming it over to full ahead. Bells jangle as he shouts into speaking tube.

FARRAGUT

Full main steam!

The deck shudders as the screw revolves faster. The shrill piping of the bos'n whistle is heard.

43. THE FRIGATE swings in a wide arc, creaming seas boiling from the screw. The ship straightens out, her dark superstructure etched against the flaming horizon like a Halloween cut-out.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. THE WRECK and all that is left of the ill-fated ship disappears in a loud hiss of steam as a lone mast, burning like a torch plunges into the black waters, darkening the

44. CONTINUED

scene as though a match had been snuffed out. The warship glides through the floating debris. She drifts, and there is sudden, awesome silence as the crew lines the rails, looking for survivors.

45. ON DECK Aronnax, Conseil and the Chief Gunner peer overside.

CHIEF GUNNER

I'm thinking she foundered with all hands.

ARONNAX

Poor devils. Not a living soul left. What could have caused such a fearsome explosion?

CHIEF GUNNER

Black powder and worse - a whole shipload of th' stuff.

(puzzled)

Burn me if I know what could've set it off, though. She must've struck somethin'.

ARONNAX

(thoughtfully)

Or could it be something struck the ship?

They glance at him sharply and several sailors move closer, their faces stark with terror.

1ST SAILOR

What d'you mean - something struck her?

2ND SAILOR

You're meaning the monster, ain't you, mate?

Conseil looks nervously at Aronnax. There is an uneasy murmur among the crew.

3RD SAILOR

(crossing himself)

Aye, an' it might be the monster, alright.

45. CONTINUED

1ST SAILOR

Sure, an' it's the monster that
done it! D'ya hear that mates?
The Professor says it's th'
monster!

He breaks off as Captain Farragut's voice intrudes sharply.

FARRAGUT'S VOICE

Belay that infernal jabber down
there.

46. ON THE BRIDGE the Captain is observing them coldly.

FARRAGUT (cont'd)

I must insist, Professor, that
you keep these fish stories to
yourself!

As he turns on his heel a lookout shouts.

LOOKOUT

Ahoy the deck - floating object
close abeam!

The crew looks seaward.

47. TO STARBOARD A DARK SHAPE RISES TO THE SURFACE, moving cautiously, pacing the ship. A large swell lifts the thing high and we see the outlines of what might be a sea monster in the glassy sea.

48. ON DECK wild cries ring out, the crew rushing for the rail.

SHOUTS

The monster! Close aboard!

FARRAGUT

(wrathfully)

Get these men to their gun stations.
Clear the deck for action!

(to Hardy)

Maintain speed, Mr. Hardy. We'll
give chase if necessary. Carry on
or carry under.

HARDY

Aye, sir.

48A. THE MONSTER pulls abeam of the warship, then swoops ahead.

49. ON DECK Ned Land bounds out of a hatch, brandishing his harpoon.

FARRAGUT

Mr. Land, into the longboat with you! Stand by to lower away.

NED

Aye, sir.

He climbs the rail, leaping into the longboat already swung free in the davits. Several sailors rush past, scattering to their stations. Bells sound and the screw revolves faster.

NED

Lads, give me a hand with these lashings!

Several sailors stop to bear a hand. A battery of guns goes off with a roar.

49A. SHELLS scream across the water, raising plumes astern of the disappearing monster.

SHOUTED ORDERS

Cast loose, provide! Shift pivot -
serve vent and sponge!

The gun crews sweat at the pivot guns.

49B. GUNS ARE FIRING ALONG THE STARBOARD RAIL.

49C. THE RANGE INCREASES as the warship picks up speed, the shells falling short.

49D. ON DECK Aronnax and Conseil stare off.

ARONNAX

(doubtfully)

It's behaving rather strangely
for a sea monster.

CONSEIL

You mean it isn't a monster?

49D. CONTINUED

ARONNAX

Well, it's no narwhale, I'm positive of that.

(amazed)

The speed of it! It must be doing better than fifty miles an hour.

A thunder of guns drowns him out, black smoke pouring back over the deck, Conseil ducking.

49E. A SPREAD OF SHELLS whips to one side of the target.

SHOUTS

Load - run out - prime - aim - fire!

50. ANOTHER GUN SPEAKS and the range is short again.

51. A GUN CREW hauls on the pivot, the chief gunner leaping into the rigging, peering off.

FARRAGUT

Look alive there!

(stormily)

Get your range and fire, Carson!

What's the matter?

CHIEF GUNNER

She's showin' us her heels, Cap'n.

FARRAGUT

Well, hit her in the heels then - fire!

The chief gunner drops down, grabs the line and lends his weight, moving the gun to crackling orders: "Load - run out - prime - aim - ready!" Aronnax and Conseil move to another vantage point on the rail, Conseil clapping hands over ears.

CHIEF GUNNER

Fire!!

The gun roars, bucking to the recoil.

52. ORANGE FIRE lights the blackness, the shells whizzing off to neatly straggle the monster, raising tall towers of white water. Another salvo whips the water into leaping geysers. A whistling blast seems to fall directly aboard. Suddenly, the monster stops, slowly wheeling on course.

SHOUTS

We hit her - she's turning!

52. CONTINUED

A terrible moaning sound is heard. Lights flash on, glowing like evil eyes, the water rippling to a dazzling illumination. Then the dark mass begins to move towards the warship, gathering speed. Twin jets of water rising on each side.

53. ARONNAX boosts himself into the lower shrouds, Conseil steadying him.

54. THE MONSTER rushes towards us in a smear of blinding light and the ocean explodes into flying chunks of froth. A whirling blade cuts across the sky, the monster shooting past with a terrifying scream to streak towards the frigate, a thin pencil travelling just below the surface.

55. THE CREW falls back from the longboat, leaving Ned to unlimber his iron, the scene bright with the glow of the racing monster.

56. ON THE BRIDGE the helmsman spins the wheel. Alarmed cries are heard, the faces of the men dancing in the piercing light.

56A. LIKE A COMET, the monster zooms under the frigate, the water leaping high astern.

56B. ON DECK the crew looks off in panic, running for the opposite rail.

56C. A FIERY TRAIL shoots away from the warship.

SHOUTS

There she goes!

Bewildered, the men stare after the disappearing light. The sound dies and all is quiet for a moment. Then a shout goes up.

SHOUTS

Look! She's comin' again.

The men look off the starboard side.

57. IN THE DISTANCE the monster emerges from the black water. Again the lights flash on and, with a deafening roar, the thing charges straight for the frigate.

- 57A. MEN run across the deck like ants. Orders split the night.

SHOUTED ORDERS

Get your helm up - she's comin'!
Hard up - hard up!

58. THE FRIGATE rotates slowly, but the monster is moving too fast. A mountain of water rises at its stern. With a loud whoosh, it shoots for the ship, striking it a wallop- ing blow on the side. There is a rending, grinding crash. The ship heels over in a cloud of flying timbers.
59. NED HURLS HIS HARPOON as a crash tilts the longboat, hurl- ing it loose in the davits. Ned stumbles. The longboat breaks away, tumbling bow-first into the sea, Ned trying to snub the line around a butt.
60. THE LINE SNAPS as the longboat hits the water, throwing Ned clear. An enormous wave slaps the frigate, the back- wash carrying the harpooner away.
61. THE HORIZON SWINGS in a dizzy circle. Masts revolve as the ship careens crazily back again.
62. THE DECK CANTS. A gun breaks loose, thundering for the port rail, carrying it away, plunging upside.
63. THE STARBOARD RAIL goes down. The main mast cracks off, shooting in segments through the deck. A tall ventilator topples over, spins into the rail and Aronnax is swept overboard amid a whelter of guns and gear charging for the depths.
64. IN THE WATER Aronnax flounders away helplessly, clutching a spar.
65. ON DECK Conseil staggers over, peels off his coat.

CONSEIL

Professor - hang on!

He balances on the rail. The ship begins rolling back, lifting him high. For a moment he hesitates. Then he jumps, vanishing beneath the waves only to emerge again and strike out desperately for Aronnax. With a great effort he gains the floating spar and succeeds in pulling the Professor out of the water, locking his arms around the half-drowned man.

66.

THE FRIGATE is listing badly, dismasted, lying dead in the water. Aronnax and Conseil watch their ship drifting away and begin calling loudly, waving their arms.

CONSEIL

Don't leave us - help! Help!

ARONNAX

She's disabled. They can't help us.

Conseil yells again, but there is no response. The two men, supported by the spar, drift alone on the dark ocean.

DISSOLVE TO:

67.

THE SEA AT DAYBREAK as a curtain of fog lifts on two figures clinging to the gently-bobbing spar, Conseil and Aronnax, the latter wet and exhausted.

ARONNAX

(with an effort)

Can you see anything - anything at all?

CONSEIL

Wait'll this fog lifts.

The Professor starts slipping off the spar and Conseil boosts him back, keeping a tight grip on him.

ARONNAX

(weakly)

I'm getting numb all over.

Conseil is squinting into the fog back.

CONSEIL

There's something over there!

A dark mass is emerging from the swirling fog.

ARONNAX

An island?

CONSEIL

(joyfully)

Yes, it must be!

He kicks his feet, propelling the spar in the direction of the object which looms ahead.

68. PADDLING WITH ONE HAND, Conseil manuevers the spar closer to the object, Aronnax hanging on limply. Suddenly, turning, Conseil sees the object directly behind him.

CONSEIL

Professor - look!

Aronnax raises his head, reacting.

69. THE NAUTILUS looms out of the fog bank, a long shape resembling a Confederate Ram with jagged prongs forward, a turret abaft this and a tall dorsal fin admidships. Lying low in the water, the entire vessel is nearly two hundred feet in length with a mere two feet of freeboard. The hull is stitched with rivets. Slowly, the spar with Conseil and Aronnax clinging to it, drifts alongside the port side near the turret.

CONSEIL

It's the monster!

ARONNAX

(weakly)

I don't care what it is -- as long as it floats. Let's get aboard.

Conseil grips a projecting ridge on the hull, scrambles aboard and, pulling with both hands, hauls Aronnax across the sloping bilge. The Professor lies there, gasping, as Conseil looks around, then gets unsteadily to his feet.

ARONNAX

Iron plates and rivets. This is man's work.

CONSEIL

Or the devil's.

He moves to the conning tower ports, peering inside. Aronnax joins him, staring at the maze of machinery inside, the controls, levers, dials and steering apparatus.

ARONNAX

Men have dreamed of such things... a submarine.

CONSEIL

A plunging boat? Incredible!

ARONNAX

Who could have conceived such a miracle?

A sighing sound is heard, rhythmic and slow.

69. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

Listen, Professor!

He steps around the conning tower, Aronnax following. They
stop at sight of the breathing flaps, which are open. The
sound continues.

CONSEIL

It's breathing.

He holds his hand over the flaps.

ARONNAX

They're replenishing their air
supply.

He crosses to the open hatch behind the flap, Conseil
peering down over his shoulder at the flight of stairs leading
to the chart room. They exchange glances.

CONSEIL

You know something? I don't
like this at all.

Aronnax cups his hands.

ARONNAX

(shouting)

Ahoy - is anybody aboard?

His voice echoes hollowly in the chamber below. He shouts
again with the same results.

ARONNAX

It seems deserted.

He starts down, but Conseil grabs his arm.

CONSEIL

I think we're asking for trouble.
Why don't we wait a bit - maybe
somebody'll come up.

ARONNAX

(shakes head)

If we wait this whole thing's liable
to sink under us. Don't forget it's
quite able to.

Aronnax leads the way down the staircase.

70.

IN THE CHART ROOM as Conseil and Aronnax descend to the balcony, overlooking the control panel with its winking lights, the battery of dials on the bulkhead and the circular stairs leading up into the wheelhouse. Bright balls of light are glowing in brackets.

ARONNAX

(shouts)

Hello - is anybody here?

The echo of his voice mocks him.

CONSEIL

Why, it's as bright as day!
That's not oil or gas, either.

ARONNAX

(amazed)

There is great genius behind
all this.

He goes down steps.

CONSEIL

(following warily)

And great evil, Professor.

(hesitates)

This is an engine of destruction.

Aronnax ignores him, eagerly exploring. A large dial on control panel catches his eye, the needle inching towards the outer rim, the jerky movement accompanied by a steady hissing. Across the face of the dial are the words: "Reserve Air." Conseil crosses gingerly to the side corridor, looking up and down.

CONSEIL

(a croaking yell)

Hello - hello! Ahoy - are you
there?

The echo comes back. He shudders. A faint hail is heard off scene.

NED'S VOICE

Ahoy there! Is anybody aboard?

Conseil runs back towards the stairs, listening, as Aronnax steps down into the passage to the salon, examining the rich embroidered curtain. The hail is repeated.

CONSEIL

Professor - listen! Somebody's
calling - outside!

70. CONTINUED

CONSEIL (cont'd)
(starts up stairs)
Come on!

ARONNAX
(pulling aside curtain)
Wait - look at this!

Conseil darts up the stairs towards the deck as Aronnax pulls wide the curtains and steps into:

71. THE SALON with its rich carpets, tapestries, shelves of books, fabulous paintings, objects of art and Oriental splendor, clashing with functional iron supporting members and the massive pipe organ at the far end. In the foreground a fountain spews water. The entire scene is in shadow, the only illumination coming from the open view-ports on either side, a shimmering green light that dances eerily. Outside the ports lies a spectacular sweep of the ocean floor. Aronnax gasps.
72. CONSEIL BURSTS ON DECK to see the overturned longboat bobbing alongside with Ned Land sitting astraddle it, holding an oar. The sun breaks through, dispelling the fog.

NED
Is that a friendly vessel?

CONSEIL
That depends. Who are you?

NED
A shipwrecked sailor.

He paddles closer. Conseil suddenly recognizes him.

CONSEIL
Why, you're from the Lincoln!
The harpooner!

NED
And you're the Professor's nark!
Anybody else get off?

He maneuvers the longboat alongside, banging against the hull and leaping aboard.

CONSEIL
Just the Professor.

Ned grins, glancing fore and aft.

72. CONTINUED

NED

So the Professor caught his monster.

(turning)

Where is he?

CONSEIL

Below. The ship seems deserted, but I have a strong feeling it won't be for long. Personally, I'm in no mood to meet the owners.

Ned digests this, thinking.

NED

Aye, I think I could do without their company, too.

(indicates longboat)

I'll take my chances in the open sea, if it's all the same with you.

CONSEIL

My sentiments exactly. Let me call the Professor.

NED

Bear a hand with me first. We've gotta flop this over.

He scrambles along the bilge, Conseil following as they prepare to dump the longboat right-side up.

73. THE SALON as Aronnax walks past the fountain, glancing up at a row of dials mounted on a ceiling beam, then approaches the viewing well. He stops short at what he sees through the viewport.

74. OUTSIDE THE GLASS dark figures are moving through the arches of a coral forest, coming from the direction of the submarine which hangs suspended above the ocean floor. Shafts of sunlight reach down from the surface, forming bright columns in the green water. Aronnax's face flickers in the reflected light as he reacts in amazement to the underwater scene. The figures, wearing diving suits of strange design, walk slowly, bearing aloft an oblong object enveloped in a white tissue of byssus. Ahead of them stands a coral cross. The funeral procession forms a circle around it. A tall figure lifts his hand and, as the pall-bearers lower the body into the grave, he places a symbol on the body, then steps back to fold his arms. The others pick up pieces of coral and deposit them in the grave, filling it as they pass.

75. A DUPLICATE RESERVE AIR DIAL on the ceiling registers full capacity. There is a sharp click and a light flashes on. A faint rumbling is heard, but Aronnax, staring from the ports, is unaware of it.

76. ON DECK the main hatch begins rolling shut, Conseil and Ned whirling at the sound. They leave the longboat, which is rightside up, and rush towards the hatch.

CONSEIL

(alarmed)

Professor! Look out! The hatch -
the hatch!

They pull up short as the hatch jack-knives shut with a solid clank.

NED

(lightly)

Well, that's one mouth less to feed.

CONSEIL

(desperately)

What're you talking about? We've
got to get him out of there! Do
something!

Ned tries to pull the hatch open, straining mightily.

NED

(grunting)

It won't budge.

CONSEIL

(looks around wildly)

There must be another way in.

He starts aft around the dorsal fin as Ned suddenly spots his harpoon, caught in the railing.

NED

My harpoon!

(seizes it)

I found my iron! Do you know
what this means?

CONSEIL

There's a hatch back here - come
on!

Ned follows him, fondling the harpoon.. Conseil has discovered the rear hatch.

76. CONTINUED

NED
(happily)
Listen, I've won th' bonus!
Findin' my iron here proves it!

CONSEIL
(grabs hatch cover)
Help me lift this.

Ned yanks the cover open.

CONSEIL
(shouting down)
Professor! Can you hear me?

He starts down, but Ned grabs him.

NED
Wait a minute! How d'you know
this one won't shut like th'
other?

CONSEIL
(going down hatch)
Prop it open with your harpoon.

Ned hesitates, then reluctantly props the harpoon under
the hatch cover and descends:

77. INSIDE THE NAUTILUS we find a hollow steel chamber, heavily
riveted with a winding staircase leading down from the
hatch. Conseil and Ned come down, looking around. A deep,
sighing wheeze is heard, continuous and slow. It seems to
emanate from behind a heavy water-tight door. Ned tiptoes
over.

CONSEIL
(a whisper)
Open it!

Ned turns the wheel-lock on the door and swings it open,
the sound growing louder. They peer into the next com-
partment and enter hesitantly to find themselves in:

78. A NARROW PASSAGEWAY AFT.

CONSEIL
(shouting)
Professor - can you hear us?

His voice echoes mournfully. Ned shudders and they hurry
along, passing into another corridor with steel doors on
either side. One of them is open. Peering inside we see:

79. THE GALLEY with huge kettles simmering on the range and a strange arrangement of pipes suspended over a sink. A nozzle drips water.

NED

Here's water, mate.

(entering)

I'd better fill a beaker'n grab some grub. And let's get off this thing.

CONSEIL

Not till I find the Professor.

He moves past, calling.

80. IN THE SALON Aronnax stands transfixed, watching the burial ceremony. The figures are kneeling around the grave now which is marked by a slight mound of coral and rubbish. Suddenly, we hear Conseil's voice.

CONSEIL'S VOICE

Professor - where are you?

ARONNAX

Hello! I'm in here..!

The curtains at the rear end part, Conseil entering.

CONSEIL

Professor! I didn't think I'd ever see you again!

(suddenly aghast)

What is it?

ARONNAX

(motioning him)

A burial ceremony, under the sea.

CONSEIL

(hushed tone)

A burial - whose?

He joins Aronnax at the viewport. Ned's voice intrudes:

NED'S VOICE

Hey, mate - where are you?

CONSEIL

(shouts back)

We're coming!

(grabs Professor's arm)

Ned Land's here with a boat, Professor!

80. CONTINUED

ARONNAX

Yes, of course...

(staring out port)

The tall one's apparently the leader.

CONSEIL

(tugging at him)

Professor - they'll be coming back any minute! We've got to get out of here! Now!

ARONNAX

(unwillingly)

Very well...

He allows Conseil to drag him out and they exit through rear curtains.

81. THE DIVERS rise at a signal from their leader, bow their heads as he extends his arm in a last farewell, then begin trudging back towards the submarine. The leader pauses, motioning a halt. They lift their heads as he points up.
82. ON THE SURFACE ABOVE the bottom of the longboat is clearly visible, moored next to the submarine.
83. THE LEADER waves the others on and the group, leaning against the current, hurries in the direction of the Nautilus.
84. ON DECK Conseil, Aronnax and Ned Land burst from the rear hatch, the harpooner carrying a water beaker and a gunny sack of food. He disengages his harpoon and they make a rush for the longboat.

NED

(leaping aboard)

Shove off, lads!

He yanks the painter loose as Aronnax and Conseil take their places in the boat. Then he ships the oars and begins rowing, the longboat shooting away from the Nautilus. Suddenly, they are surrounded by helmeted-figures, popping from the water, the divers seizing the gunwale of the boat. Ned strikes out with an oar, bringing it down with a crack on the steel helmets. Conseil, wielding another oar, joins in the battle as Ned, dropping the oar, goes to work with the harpoon, jabbing viciously. The iron pierces the suit of a diver, the man floundering back into the arms of his companions, but by now the longboat is being propelled back towards the submarine. Ned's harpoon is wrenched from his hands, and Conseil is nearly dragged overboard as a diver whips the oar from his grip.

- 84A. UNDERNEATH THE NAUTILUS the other divers are inflating their suits, floating up into the escape hatch in the keel of the submarine, helping themselves aboard by means of the dangling rope ladder.
85. DEEP INSIDE THE NAUTILUS IS THE DIVING CHAMBER and the end of a tube. Amid loud explosions of air, helmeted men begin popping out of the tube, water slopping over the sides onto the floor as they grab an overhead support, swinging themselves clear of the men coming behind. The tall figure is one of the first to appear and, turning a control on the bulkhead, opens the water-tight door, entering the next compartment.
86. IN THE OUTFITTING ROOM Captain Nemo is divested of his diving suit and mounts the ladder, followed by the mate. One by one the other crew members climb out of their suits. The door to the diving chamber closed with a hiss of air.
87. MEN RUSH UP INTO THE CHART ROOM as the mate appears, issuing orders. A few scramble into the wheelhouse, others stepping to the controls to set the hatch in motion.

MATE

On deck - aft!
(to the others)
Follow me.

One group exits aft, the others following the mate up the stairs to the main hatch which slides open, sunlight pouring down from the deck.

88. THE DECK is suddenly swarming with men, all converging on the longboat where Ned, Conseil and Aronnax are desperately trying to sheer away. Several of Nemo's crew lay hands on the boat, pulling it back. Ned swings the oar, then leaps out, but he is quickly disarmed and knocked sprawling. In a matter of moments the battle is over and Aronnax, Conseil and Ned are marched along the deck to the main hatch. They are taken down into:
89. THE CHART ROOM where Captain Nemo enters from outfitting room, his burning eyes appraising the prisoners. The wounded man is brought up through the hatch and Nemo approaches him, touching his bloody arm.

NEMO

(to the mate)
Have his wounds looked after.

MATE

Yessir.

89.

CONTINUED

He assists the injured man forward as Nemo turns to our group, staring at the smear of blood on his hand. Slowly he looks up.

NEMO

You are from the warship that attacked me, are you not?

ARONNAX

Yes, we were under the impression this was a monster, not a craft of human invention.

(introducing them)

This is Ned Land, master harpooner, and my apprentice, Conseil. I am Pierre Aronnax of the Paris National Museum.

NEMO

Professor Aronnax? I've heard of you - and studied your writings.

(coldly)

It's fortunate that your background differs slightly from your companions in crime. You may remain.

(to his men)

Take the others on deck.

The crew moves in, seizing Ned and Conseil.

NED

On deck? What're you going to do with us?

NEMO

I did not invite you here. You came as an enemy to destroy me.

ARONNAX

But that's not true! They've done no harm.

NED

It's not our fault the warship shelled you!

CONSEIL

Surely, we're entitled to a fair trial.

NEMO

You've had your trial.

(shortly)

The sea brought you, and the sea shall have you back.

89. CONTINUED

Nemo signals his men and Aronnax stares in horror as Conseil and Ned are forcibly hauled up the stairs to the main hatch.

ARONNAX

(to Nemo)

How can you do this? It's not civilized!

NEMO

I am not what is called a civilized man, Professor. I have done with society for reasons that seem good to me.

(glances at hatch)

Therefore I do not obey its laws.

He turns, walking towards the salon.

ARONNAX

But I'm as guilty as they are!

He follows Nemo into:

90. THE SALON where Nemo pauses in the library alcove to face the professor.

ARONNAX

I'll grant you both of them and myself, too, enlisted to track down what we thought to be a monster, but in that case we are no more guilty than the rest of the world!

NEMO

I would consider that guilty enough.

A dangerous note in his voice prompts Aronnax to hold his tongue as the Captain turns to take the Professor's book from a shelf.

NEMO

(flipping pages)

You have a great deal to learn, Professor. Your book is brilliant, but it lacks scope. You have carried your work as far as terrestrial science permits you.

(tosses book aside)

The real story of the ocean depths begins where you left off, wonders that defy my powers of description, the secrets that are mine alone, but which I would be willing to share with you.

90. CONTINUED

ARONNAX

(tensely)

At the expense of my companions' lives?

NEMO

(nods)

I'm sorry. You would have to choose between them and me.

ARONNAX

Then I cannot accept.

Nemo flips a switch on the wall. A bell rings in the distance.

NEMO

(gravely)

Professor, I regret your choice.

The mate enters through the curtains, awaiting Nemo's command.

NEMO

Take him up and secure for sea.

The mate salutes.

MATE

Aye, sir.

He exits ushering Aronnax out. Nemo picks up Aronnax's book and replaces it in the book shelf. Bells chime and the ship trembles to the vibration of the engines. Forward we hear a rumble of chain. Then Nemo goes out through the curtains into:

91. THE CHART ROOM where the mate is just coming down the stairs from the main hatch which is closing. It jars shut and there is a hiss of air. Nemo's eyes travel across the dials on the bulkhead

NEMO

All stations ready. Prepare for diving.

The mate joins another crew member at the control board, turning valves.

92. ON DECK Aronnax staggers aft where Ned Land and Conseil are clinging to the dorsal fin.

93. THE WHEELHOUSE as Nemo comes up. One man stands at the wheel. There are two others manning the control levers, awaiting orders.

93. CONTINUED

NEMO
(turns to the helmsman)
Ahead - slow.

HELMSMAN
Aye, sir - slow ahead.

A man leans his weight on the levers, much as an old-fashioned switchman would manipulate crossing gates on a railroad. A pointer responds on an iron disk - ahead half. Bells jangle. The ocean begins to wheel past outside. Spray wets the glass windows. Nemo strolls to the big viewing port that commands the entire after section of the submarine. He folds his arms, watching the wake spreading out astern beyond the flailing propeller tips.

94. THE NAUTILUS plows into a rippling ocean, blue and sparkling in the rays of a morning sun.

95. ON DECK NED SHAKES HIS FIST towards the wheelhouse where Nemo stands behind the rear port, impassively observing the scene.

NED
(shouting)
Listen to me, you shark. I'd
trade a flagship t'get my hands
around your slimy throat!

The words are whipped away in the spindrift, the harpooner clinging to a short iron flagstaff with Conseil and Aronnax.

96. IN THE WHEELHOUSE Nemo surveys the dials.

NEMO
Trim your forward ballast.

One of the crew pulls a bank of levers. A bell clangs and a pointer snaps into the diving position. The ballast tank indicator begins filling with bubbles and ever so slightly the deck cants. Nemo turns, looking aft.

97. WATER IS CHARGING along the deck plates, splashing around the feet of the three men drenched outside.

98. NEMO'S EYES BRIGHTEN. Again he studies the dials.

NEMO
Three degrees down.

The levers are pulled farther back. A wave curls aboard, whistling in solid sheets past the glass ports.

99. THE SEA leaps along the deck as the captives tighten their grip on the flagstaff. The Nautilus is leaping into the waves now, spray pounding over the wheelhouse. Nemo watches tensely, waiting for some sign from Aronnax, but the Professor appears grimly determined to go down with his companions. His wet and streaming face is turned resolutely towards:

100. THE WHEELHOUSE where Nemo watches with growing interest.

NEMO

Ballast aft.
(watching dials)
Steady now.

The deck levels as the men manipulate the levers. Nemo peers through the rear port.

101. THE NAUTILUS is skimming the waves, submerged over the bilge but holding steady in this position. Still there is no sign of Aronnax weakening, despite the fact that water cascades around his waist and chest.

102. NEMO turns from the port, a half smile of satisfaction playing around his lips.

NEMO

That will do. All engines stop.

The levers clank forward, the men waiting as the submarine slows.

NEMO

Surface and stand by.

The mate comes up quickly through the hatch.

NEMO

(indicating captives)
Take those men below. Confine
them to quarters.

(looking aft)
I have found out what I wanted to
know.

MATE

Yessir.

He vanishes through the hatch as Nemo steps closer to the rear port.

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103. ON DECK Conseil, Aronnax and Ned stare around them in disbelief as the water recedes and the deck rises under their feet, three stunned, bedraggled wet humans, scarcely able to understand their deliverance.

DISSOLVE TO:

104. AT FIFTY FATHOMS the Nautilus appears like a giant, lazy shark, weaving gracefully through a marine wonderland, luminous and mystical, a trail of bubbles marking its course along the criss-cross shadows of the ocean floor.

105. INSIDE THE NAUTILUS a wet snout pokes out of the hatch in the chart room and the pet seal flops up the ladder, shakes itself on the floor, claps its flippers together, ignoring the mate who turns from table, then exits, wobbling and slithering into:

106. THE SALON where Captain Nemo looks up from a magnificent repast served near the viewing well. (NOTE: To avail ourselves of the set and not cramp the action the table should occupy a place of prominence in the salon proper). The ports are closed and the room, ablaze with light now, presents an even more startling picture of luxury than before -- rich carpets, gleaming tableware, the books, display cases and the shining facade of the organ. An attentive steward is waiting on Nemo as the seal enters, barking joyfully at sight of his master. Nemo pops a morsel into the pet's mouth, strokes him, then daintily dips his fingers in a bowl, wiping them on a napkin as the curtains part forward allowing Aronnax, Conseil and Ned to enter, escorted by a sailor. In place of their water-logged clothing they wear outfits similar to those of the crew and, while seemingly none the worse for wear, they appear anxious and ill-at-ease.

NEMO

Be seated, please.

He motions the sailor, who exits.

ARONNAX

Thank you.

He seats himself at the table with Ned and Conseil.

NEMO

(to steward)

You may serve them.

The steward nods, crossing to refill his tray at a sideboard. Aronnax unfolds a napkin, placing it on his knees, signalling Ned and Conseil to do likewise.

106. CONTINUED

NEMO

Your clothes are being dried and
will be returned to you shortly.
In the meantime, avail yourselves
of my humble hospitality.

The steward has returned and is heaping their plates with food.

NED

(eyeing the dish)
Humble, he calls it.

(grins)

You do right well for yourself, sir.

NEMO

You may call me Captain Nemo.

ARONNAX

I'd like to express our gratitude,
Captain. We're grateful to be alive.

NEMO

I want none of your gratitude.

For a moment they eat in silence, Nemo observing them coldly.

NEMO

You are all on the strictest probation.

(eyeing Ned)

And I'd advise you not to attempt escape.
You understand your position?

NED

(mouth full)

I dunno, Cap'n. A prisoner has
th' right to escape, hasn't he?

NEMO

That's correct.

NED

(puzzled)

An' a guest don't need to. Maybe
we're a little of both.

He looks helplessly at Aronnax, who shrugs.

NEMO

Consider that a fortunate compro-
mise then, Mr. Land. I tolerate
no guests on the Nautilus, and
you already know the fate of
prisoners.

106. CONTINUED

He rises, the steward pulling back his chair. Disturbed by the impact of his words, the group continues eating, eyes on their plates, Nemo strolling across the view well to watch the decorator crab in the case.

CONSEIL

(breaking silence)

This food is delicious -- don't you think so, Professor?

ARONNAX

I've never tasted better.

NED

Aye, it's passable tucker, alright.
(shovelling food in
with his knife)

I was near starved.

NEMO

(turns, frowning)

There's a fork on your right, Mr. Land. Or aren't you accustomed to utensils?

NED

I'm indifferent to 'em.

Aronnax gives him a warning glance, hurriedly covering up.

ARONNAX

May I ask how you're able to set such a table as this, Captain?

NEMO

These dishes come entirely from my ocean kitchen. There is nothing here of the earth.

A look of distrust shows in Ned's eyes, but he continues eating.

ARONNAX

How remarkable. This tastes like veal.

NEMO

The flavor deceives you. That is fillet of sea snake.

Conseil chokes.

CONSEIL

(miserably)

I guess this isn't lamb then.

106. CONTINUED

NEMO

Brisket of blowfish with sea
squirt dressing, basted in
barnacles.

Ned's jaw freezes and he stares suspiciously at the other dishes.

ARONNAX

(bravely)

It's very good - in fact it's
better than lamb.

NEMO

Yes, my cook excels in preparing
these various products.

(to Ned)

You're not finished, are you?

NED

Just th' main course, sir.

(to Conseil)

Pass th' cream, mate.

Conseil assists him in pouring cream on the pudding.

NEMO

(amused)

The cream, of course, is milk
from the giant sperm whale. And
the delicious fruits you are eat-
ing, are actually preserves made
of sea cucumbers.

ARONNAX

(smacking lips)

Why, I'd never have guessed it.
They're excellent.

NEMO

Eat your pudding, Mr. Land.

NED

(gloomily)

I ain't sure it's puddin'.

(anxiously)

What is it?

NEMO

My own recipe - saute of unborn
octopus.

Ned spits his portion out and shoves his plate away in disgust.

106. CONTINUED

NED

Blast it! I'm fair crawlin' with these nasty tidbits -- and now cuttlefish!

(gets up)

Nothin' here's fit to eat.

He stumbles over the pet seal camped behind him, trips backwards and lands on his back with a crash. The seal, delighted, claps its flippers together. Ned gets to his feet as Nemo turns a control and the view panels slide open to reveal the ocean floor rolling past.

NEMO

Since we are nearing the island of Crespo, you'll have an opportunity to select your own food.

NED

You mean we're getting off the submarine?

NEMO

Yes - for a brief hunting expedition.

Ned is beaming.

NED

That suits me fine, Cap'n. When do we start?

NEMO

Almost immediately.

(to his men)

Prepare them.

The men motion Ned and Conseil, who follow them from the salon, the seal tumbling behind. Nemo opens a humidor, extending it to Aronnax who selects a cigar.

NEMO

Accept this cigar, Professor.

He holds a lighted brazier for the Professor.

ARONNAX

(savoring smoke)

It's a delightful smoke, but different somehow.

(frowns)

Havana?

106. CONTINUED

NEMO

(smiles)

Seaweed.

ARONNAX

(drawing on cigar)

Well, I can't accuse you of not making us comfortable, Captain.

(casually)

In a way, though, I feel like a condemned man who's eaten his last dinner. It was a good one, too.

NEMO

Thank you.

ARONNAX

I'm still curious as to the reason you spared our lives.

NEMO

In your case, Professor, I wanted to test your loyalty to your companions.

(with a frigid smile)

I may have use for such misplaced devotion.

ARONNAX

(shocked)

Misplaced?

NEMO

(nods)

It comforts me to know your life was not too dear a price to pay for love of your fellow men.

ARONNAX

I'm afraid I don't understand.

NEMO

For the moment, I don't intend that you should. But I may have use for you.

He regards Aronnax much as he would a specimen in a jar, and the Professor, very much aware of his position, concentrates on his cigar.

106. CONTINUED

NEMO

Until I make up my mind, you should find ample diversion here.

(with a wave)

You have literature, art treasures, my collections and even music if you so desire.

ARONNAX

I've noticed. But these are small miracles compared to this vessel itself.

(eagerly)

I can scarcely believe it -- how one could conceive and build such a craft, and in a single stroke harness power beyond the wildest dreams of science!

(astonished)

Why, such a secret could revolutionize the world!

NEMO

(with a flash of anger)

Or destroy it!

Obviously, the possibilities of this have never occurred to Aronnax. And Nemo knows it as he moves to the viewports, looking out at his adopted country beyond the glass.

NEMO

See how peaceful it is here.

(reverently)

The sea is everything. It's breath is pure and healthy, an immense reservoir of nature where I roam at will through its vast submarine forests, across its prairies, deeper, always deeper into never ending space...

The backdrop outside the viewport fills our vision, the Nautilus banking slowly over a gigantic forest of coral where fish dart past in shimmering schools. Enchanted, Aronnax joins Nemo at the glass.

NEMO

(passionately)

Think of it. On the surface there is hunger and fear. Men still exercise unjust laws. They fight and tear one another to pieces. A mere few feet beneath the waves their reign ceases, their evil drowns. Here, on the ocean floor, is the only independence. Here I am free...!

106. CONTINUED

He pauses, hypnotized by the underwater scenes spinning past outside. Turning to the Professor, he continues.

NEMO

Imagine what would happen if they controlled machines such as this submarine boat.

(shakes head)

Far better that they think this a monster and hunt me with harpoons, Professor.

ARONNAX

(wryly)

I'll grant you the disguise is rather good.

NEMO

I've learned a few tricks from the sea.

(indicates decorator crab)

For example, this decorator crab protects himself from his enemies by covering his body with rubbish. Watch him...

They step to a glass case in which the decorator crab is busily heaping bits and pieces of silt and gorgonian coral on his body.

NEMO

My technique is the same, only I use the rubbish of superstitious fear and man's ignorance.

ARONNAX

It's very effective, too - the flashing lights and awful sound of this vessel. You put on quite a show.

NEMO

A necessary safeguard, Professor.

Nemo turns again to the panorama at the viewports. The sunken wreck of an ancient ship floats underneath and the Nautilus comes gently to rest on a bright patch of wrinkled sand, dancing in the rays of the sun far above. Aronnax looks at Nemo, puzzled.

NEMO

The island of Crespo.

106. CONTINUED

NEMO (cont'd.)

(smiles)

It has sunk, but it is nonetheless fertile. We do our hunting and farming here.

ARONNAX

(staring out)

Underwater?

NEMO

(nods)

The sea supplies all my wants.

Tiny figures are crossing the sand, dressed in helmets, carrying axes, hoes, pikes and floating baskets like balloons which they tow along. Behind them comes a pair less familiar with the work, one of them falling to his knees, getting up, hurrying after the others.

NEMO

An expedition from the Nautilus. That pair you see trying to keep pace are your companions. A new experience for them. They'll learn quickly.

ARONNAX

(surprised)

Conseil and Ned Land.

NEMO

Would you like to join them?

ARONNAX

Indeed, yes.

(looking out)

I'd like to meet these wonders face to face.

NEMO

Very well. I'll introduce them to you.

He motions Aronnax ahead, then follows him forward, exiting through the curtains.

DISSOLVE TO:

107.

NEMO AND ARONNAX descend into the outfitting room, which also serves as an arsenal with cases of guns mounted on the bulkheads. Two attendants step forward, helping them into diving suits.

107. CONTINUED

Aronnax receives a gun from one of the men, who slips the glass and metal helmet over the Professor's head. Nemo accepts his helmet and they turn to a large water-tight door, which is swung open for them, entering:

108. THE DIVING CHAMBER with its round escape tube jutting from the floor - and above it the circular supporting ring attached to the ceiling. The water-tight door is closed tightly, Nemo places his hands on the ring. Aronnax also grips it, looking down into the tube. There is a sudden loud hissing sound, compressed air flooding the compartment. Dials on the bulkhead register the amount of air. A bell clangs and we hear a dull thud. Immediately, water foams up into the tube, some of it spilling to the floor. The flow of air ceases. The chamber is full, pressure sufficient to hold the water in check at the level of the tube's mouth. Nemo motions Aronnax, and the latter follows the Captain who lowers himself into the tube, finds the ladder and disappears, the water closing over their heads as they descend to:

109. THE OCEAN FLOOR as both men emerge on a short ramp beneath the submarine's keel and descend to the sandy bottom where Nemo takes the lead and they walk away easily in the direction of the coral forest. Behind them looms the Nautilus, a vast grotesque shape at rest two hundred feet below the surface of the sea.

(NOTE: This sequence will be edited on film and a brief narration by Aronnax added to highlight the various individual shots of fish, eels, manta rays, etc.).

110. CAPTAIN NEMO AND ARONNAX ascend a gradual rise, streams of bubble shooting up from their diving equipment. Ahead lies a deep valley of dense submarine vegetation, waving to the current, a sea of redweed beneath the sea. Schools of fish twinkling like fireflies, flash through the undergrowth, lending light and color to an already brilliant scene.

110A. A GIANT GROUPER pokes his head against Aronnax's helmet, swimming away with serene dignity. A barracuda charges into a school of small fish, scattering them like multicolored confetti.

111. A GROUP OF FARMERS appears out of the tangled growth, bearing clusters of sea fronds, bunches of matted grass and weighted baskets of shrimp, lobsters and tiny crustacea. They swing past, heading for the submarine steering their loads which float suspended like balloons as others are seen hacking with picks at the coral, scooping up shells, shrimp, lobster, etc., gathering produce.

112. CAPTAIN NEMO strides ahead, erect and masterful.

113. A FIENDISH EEL slithers out of a hole, then retreats as Aronnax and Nemo stroll by, its baleful eyes following them. Directly in front of Aronnax a sudden explosion causes him to pull up short. Clouds of sand billow up and a hermit crab burrows deeper, disturbed and angry. It is a wonderland of surprises, sudden, darting life and overwhelming beauty, all registering on Aronnax, whose face, through the glass helmet, is a study in amazement. He stoops, collecting minute sea shells, dumping them into the pockets of his belt. A shadow falls across him and he looks up to witness the flight of a manta ray, soaring above. Nemo smiles, motioning him to follow.

114. OUT.

115. NED LAND AND CONSEIL are chopping with axes at a stump of coral. Reaching into the hole, Conseil seizes a lobster, depositing it in his basket. He turns to see Ned throw down his axe and scramble up a ledge, looking over. The harpooner gestures wildly and Conseil abandons his work to join him, looking across another valley towards:

116. THE SUNKEN GALLEON rearing above the valley of grass - broken masts, tall poop-deck and hidden treasures beckoning the explorers. Conseil shakes his head, but Ned impatiently grabs his arm, and they begin a long detour across the coral to reach their prize; a ghost ship dead these many centuries.

DISSOLVE TO:

116A. NEMO, walking ahead of Aronnax, turns, watching Ned and Conseil as they move off.

117. NED AND CONSEIL approaching the galleon. The ship lies imbedded in sand, decks canted and a gaping hole in her side. Fish of all descriptions race through the rotted timbers, swirling in dizzy formations around the stumps of masts, into open cabin doors, circling the rusted anchor and charging through the ruins of the vast stern window. Above the shattered rudder post, the name Buenaventura is carved in the peeling wood. The adventurers, Ned and Conseil, climb the rail, Conseil reluctant and fearful.

118. ON THE GALLEON'S DECK a skeleton is sprawled at the break of the poop. Ned steps over it, ducking into the main cabin. Terrified Conseil follows.

119. INSIDE THE GALLEON they creep down a rickety staircase, entering what was once the dining salon, now a scene of desolation, the massive table collapsed and more evidence of skeletons piled in dark corners. Rotting planks, disturbed by their entrance, float to the ceiling amid showers of dust and silt. Ned, after a cursory inspection, grabs a heavy timber, swinging it against a door leading forward. The door disintegrates, and at the same time the staircase gives way, crashing behind them, but the passage is open to:
120. THE LAZERETTE, a huge room directly beneath them with a ladder leading down. At the far end amid the ruins of decaying bales, boxes and furniture is a brass-bound chest. Ned points to it, and, turning, backs down the ladder, Conseil making a slow descent behind him. Crossing, Ned sees a rustic cutlass, using it to smash the lock on the chest. Together they rip open the lid, falling back in amazement at the sight of doubloons, pieces of eight and a crown set with pearls. Delighted, Ned closes the lid and lifts the chest in both arms, starting back.
121. A GIANT SHADOW swoops into the room, floating overhead, and a monster tiger shark makes a rush at the harpooner, who ducks, dropping the chest. The treasure spills across the floor as Conseil retreats to the wall. As Ned straightens, the shark lunges for him, jaws open, careening past to strike the bulkhead as the harpooner throws himself flat in the nick of time. Conseil drops to his knees behind an upended table. Chips of wood, silt and debris fill the water as the shark circles for another attack, only this time Ned is ready with the cutlass. Leaping to one side, he strikes hard, the blade drawing blood as the shark thrashes into the overhead beams, charging down to send the harpooner sprawling. Twisting to his feet, Ned jabs again, tearing a long gash in the under-belly of the monster.
122. THE WATER TURNS RED as the maddened fish zooms away, vanishing into the gloomy mass of broken timbers at the rear of the room. Ned signals Conseil and they pull a rickety table into position under the ladder, Ned boosting the chest on the table, then climbing up the ladder, reaching down as Conseil scrambles up behind him and attempts to lift the chest up, straining under the load with one knee bent to support the weight. In this unlucky circumstances, the shark finds them again, rushing for the ladder in a burst of fury. Colliding with Ned, the shark slams the bulkhead. The harpooner loses his grip, drops the cutlass and lands on the table, which collapses, hurling him, the chest and Conseil through the rotting timbers at the bottom of the room.
123. THE TWO MEN AND THE CHEST crash into scene, landing on the ocean floor where the chest spills open, its glittering contents tumbling into the sand. Stunned, Conseil and Ned struggle to their feet.

124. THE WOUNDED SHARK swims from the hole in the galleon, hovering above its victims, swooping away in a trail of blood to gather for an attack. Helpless, Ned and Conseil duck as the shark whirls back at them, jaws agape, the blood trail staining the water. The fish comes back in a long glide, forcing the men to stumble back, flailing their arms, their feet stirring up a blur of mud. Suddenly, the shark goes limp, its body twisting drunkenly upward, blood clouding the scene.

125 - 126. OUT.

127. ARONNAX AND NEMO, the latter with the gun aimed, stand on a rise of coral, bubbles shooting from the weapon's muzzle. Slowly, the shark sinks, rolling over on the bottom between Nemo and the treasure hunters. At a signal from the Captain, several men in diving suits march into the scene and seize Ned and Conseil, leading them off. Gesturing wildly, the harpooner indicates the treasure, but he is forcibly restrained from going back, his captors frog-walking him in the direction of the Nautilus as Nemo and Aronnax follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

128. THE OUTFITTING ROOM ABOARD THE NAUTILUS as the water-tight door is closed behind Nemo, Aronnax, Land and Conseil -- all stepping forward to have their helmets and suits removed by the attendants. Ned is already talking as his helmet comes off.

NED

(excitedly)

We left our treasure out there!
A whole chest o'gold, silver'n.
diamonds!

The water-tight door opens and closes, admitting more of the crew.

NEMO

(climbing out of suit)

You were sent to get food, not
treasure. You can't eat pieces
of eight.

He is moving towards a door at the forward end of compartment.

NED

Eat? I can eat anytime.

Nemo yanks open the door and there is revealed such a profusion of gold bars, baskets of pearls, chests of doubloons and silver plate that the entire vault sparkles. Ned and the others gasp.

128. CONTINUED

NEMO

You place an absurd value on the
cheapest of human commodities.

(scornfully)

Aboard the Nautilus we use such
baubles for ballast.

(eyes shining)

The greatest treasure of them all,
Mr. Land, lies in a sound mind and
a full belly. Henceforth when you're
sent for food, do not stoop to pick
up pennies!

(icily)

And I warn you - rather than watch
your every move, I know a much easier
solution to the problem!

He clatters up the ladder to the chart room.

NED

(aghast)

What a cryin' waste! It's enough
to give a poor sailorman-ideas.

CONSEIL

Come along. You couldn't spend it
here, anyhow.

Conseil follows Aronnax up the ladder.

NED

(eyes alight)

I wasn't thinkin' of here.

ARONNAX

Ned...!

NED

Alright, I'm comin'!

The others disappear as he divests himself of his diving suit
and, with a last glance at the door, follows them up the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

129-130. OUT.

131. ARONNAX'S QUARTERS where the Professor hangs up his coat, donning
a robe as Conseil calls to Ned who appears in the passageway.

CONSEIL

The Professor wants to see you.

131. CONTINUED

Unwillingly, Ned turns away from his own quarters and enters.

ARONNAX

Close the door, please.

Ned obeys, the Professor turning to him.

ARONNAX

Don't think for a moment that
was an empty threat he made.
You're going to get all of us
killed if you persist in antagonizing him.

(crossly)

Look at the trouble you got into,
wandering off that way. Why did
you do it?

He sits down, taking a cigar from a humidor, Conseil stepping
over to light it for him.

NED

(with a glance
at Conseil)

Ask him - he went with me.

Conseil gulps, embarrassed.

CONSEIL

(lamely)

I thought you'd seen something of
scientific interest. It never
occurred to me you were after
treasures.

Ned grabs him by the collar.

NED

You're a liar! You even helped
carry the chest out!

He makes a threatening move as though to strike him.

ARONNAX

Stop it! We simply must not
quarrel among ourselves! We
must stay together. It's our
only chance.

NED

Chance - for what? I know what
you want to do, Professor. This
crazy iron skillet's turned your
head, an' you want to play a wait-
in' game, hopin' to learn old Nemo's
secrets.

131. CONTINUED

Aronnax rises.

ARONNAX
(with dignity)
I think we owe that much to the world, Ned. Have you a better plan?

NED
Yeah, I want to get off. 'Course I wouldn't mind goin' with my pockets full...

ARONNAX
(sternly)
I can't believe you'd be so foolish.

NED
Why not? He's got a king's ransom aboard here.. And don't call it stealing, because that's the way he got it! Why, if we could take this thing over we'd be rich. I'd have a ship of my own, and you wouldn't be starving along on a Professor's pay!
(to Conseil, scornfully)
You don't need to turn your nose up, either.. I saw th' glitter o' gold in your eyes when that chest busted!

Conseil wets his lips, afraid to speak. Ned suddenly laughs.

NED
You see? He doesn't deny it.

ARONNAX
(earnestly)
Ned, listen to me. I want you to forget this idea -- and promise me you won't do anything on your own.

NED
I won't promise that, Professor.

ARONNAX
At least try my way first. I'm sure I can win Captain Nemo's confidence, but I need time -- and I need your help.
(extends hand)
Don't rock the boat, Ned.

Ned stares at Aronnax's hand uncertainly. Then he shrugs and shakes hands.

131. CONTINUED

NED
Alright, I'll go this far -- I
won't try any one-man-mutiny...
yet!

ARONNAX
(relieved)
It's best this way, believe me.

Ned turns, opening the door. Halfway out, a thought occurs
to him and he comes back.

NED
There's one thing you oughta know,
Professor.
(taps head)
Nemo's crazy -- and I've yet to
hear of th' time you could make a
deal with a mad dog, so while you're
feedin' him sugar, I'll be figurin'
a plan to muzzle him.

With a satisfied smile, he exits, closing the door.
Aronnax whips out a handkerchief, mopping his brow.

ARONNAX
(distraught)
The fool! He just can't grasp
the significance of all this!
(turns, pacing)
Here we are, within reach of the
most fabulous discoveries of all
time, and he prattles of gold,
escape, trivialities, nonsense!
(relights cigar)
It's absolutely maddening.

CONSEIL
Everything's relative, Professor.

ARONNAX
(on edge)
What do you mean by that?

CONSEIL
I think Ned prizes his life above
scientific achievement, that's all.

ARONNAX
Above it?
(appalled)
Well, I suppose there are people like
that. Actually, his life means nothing.
Nor does mine, or yours, compared to
what's behind all this. We can't have
him crossing Nemo. Mad or not, the
Captain's a genius --

131. CONTINUED

ARONNAX (cont'd.)
(sudden resolve)
Conseil, you've got to move into Ned's
cabin.

CONSEIL
(startled)
Move in?

ARONNAX
Yes - so you can watch him.
(pushing Conseil)
It's your job to see that he behaves
himself.

CONSEIL
(distressed)
But he doesn't like me. You saw
him - he tried to hit me.

ARONNAX
(carelessly)
That's ridiculous. He's a gentle
child at heart. Now get your bedding
together.

He propels Conseil to the locker, the apprentice removing some
blankets as Aronnax sits down at his desk, opening his journal.
He begins writing, oblivious to Conseil who shrugs unhappily
and exits into corridor with his bundle.

DISSOLVE TO:

132. A TROPICAL STORM races across the face of the sea, tearing the
surface into maddest frenzy. A page of Aronnax's journal leaps
from the tossing waves, Aronnax's pen writing quickly.

".....Today we encountered a fear-
some storm. An ordinary vessel
would have suffered heavy damage...."

There is a loud boom of thunder and the page disintegrates in
flying spray. Slowly, we sink beneath the surface as jagged
lightning forks the sky above. Serene and steady, the Nautilus
glides past, descending lower and lower to enter the mouth of
an enormous grotto, careening out the other side.

DISSOLVE TO:

133. ARONNAX AND NEMO are visible at the viewport as the submarine
moves past, festoons of weed like fine embroidery twirling in
the wake.

133. CONTINUED

ARONNAX'S VOICE

The wonders never ceased, passing
in endless review, and through the
magic of Captain Nemo's genius I
saw it all. Beauty without compare....

Schools of fish dart by at express train speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

133A. NEMO TAKES THE WHEEL with Aronnax coming up behind him in the wheelhouse. The Nautilus is charging through jagged formations of coral, the shimmering points whipping past like telegraph poles.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

...and danger, too!

Nemo shifts the wheel and the submarine changes course.

133B. ASTERN a coral mass sweeps away beneath.

133C. THE PROFESSOR mops his brow, throwing a look at Nemo whose expression has not changed.

134-140. OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

141. ARONNAX AND NEMO enter the engine room, the Captain staring at the maze of complicated machinery.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

As the voyage continued, I confess
the Nautilus and its motive power
excited my utmost curiosity...

Nemo motions the Professor and they descend a ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

142. OUT.

(Revised 3/1/54) 65.

143. THE POWER SUPPLY, a narrow room with the top of the atomic block surmounted by banks of flashing lights and moving flaps. Stepping behind two lead shields, they peer down into the complex unit.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

Captain Nemo had evidently discovered what mankind has always sought and might someday find - the veritable dynamic power of the universe...

DISSOLVE TO:

144-145 OUT.

146. THE NAUTILUS appears as a long floating cigar, soaring over the black yawning pits of the southern ocean, the submarine no larger than a tiny jewel against this gigantic marine backdrop.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

This secret alone gave him mastery of the sea and its deepest sanctuary. If need be the Nautilus could remain submerged indefinitely...

DISSOLVE TO:

- 146A. NEMO SITS in solitary grandeur at the organ in the salon, his fingers drawing forth persuasive chords of our main theme, beautiful and haunting.

- 146B. ARONNAX parts the curtains at the far end of the room, watching the scene with awe.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

With seeming indifference, he held the key to the future of the world along with that of our own destinies.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 146C. IN ARONNAX'S QUARTERS Conseil is filling specimen bottles, holding them to the light as Aronnax busies himself at his desk.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

There was much to occupy me, so I left my apprentice to deal with Ned Land who had apparently settled down.

146C. CONTINUED

The off-key notes of a guitar being tuned are heard. Conseil putting down the bottles and darting to the door, head cocked.

146C-1. IN NED LAND'S CABIN the harpooner is the picture of innocence, contentedly putting the finishing touches to a home-made guitar fashioned out of a fishspine and tortoise shell with whittled-out bone pegs supporting the strings. He holds it close to his ear, plunking a note, frowning at a discord. Getting up from the bunk, he exits into passageway, taking the guitar with him.

146C-2. IN THE PASSAGEWAY Ned encounters Conseil standing in the doorway of Aronnax's quarters. Ignoring him, Ned saunters aft, hiding his amusement at Conseil's detective efforts. The apprentice's eyes narrow suspiciously and, when the harpooner has exited, cheerfully plunking the guitar, he pads stealthily after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

146C-3. CONSEIL slips into the salon, crouching behind the curtains, surprised to see Ned up to no more serious mischief than tuning his guitar with the organ, seated on the bench, pressing a key to get the correct pitch. Conseil's expression softens, unaware that Ned is watching him from the corner of his eye. Satisfied that the harpooner is harmlessly preoccupied, Conseil withdraws -- and the moment he does, Ned wheels from the organs, streaks across the room parting the curtains.

146D. NED LOOKS INTO THE CHART ROOM just as Conseil leaves it. With the coast clear, the harpooner skips to the hatch leading down to the outfitting room, disappearing.

146E. IN THE OUTFITTING ROOM Ned crosses to the door of the treasure vault, opening it and entering.

146F. NED GOES TO WORK in the treasure vault, laying down his guitar and prying pearls and diamonds from a gold crown, dropping them into a small pouch. He is surprised at this task by the seal which rushes into the room, barking in outraged fury. The harpooner tries frantically to silence the animal, putting finger to lips in an agony of despair, but it is all in vain. The seal barks louder. Stymied, Ned is forced to retreat. He gets all the way out before he remembers his guitar, leaping back to retrieve it, the seal yapping at his heels. Exiting, he goes into:

- 146G. THE OUTFITTING ROOM where he is nearly caught red-handed by the mate descending the ladder. Quickly, the harpooner drops his pouch of loot into the guitar, managing a benign smile as he hums and strums the instrument, turning his back on the seal and the mate who watches him ascend to:
- 146H. THE CHART ROOM. Here he tips the guitar over, peeks at the pouch, puts it back and climbs the circular staircase towards the wheelhouse. Halfway up, Conseil sticks his head in from the passageway. Again the harpooner is acting like an innocent boy on a lark, seemingly intent on his music. Conseil retires, Ned glancing after him, then continuing up the steps until his head is level with the floor of the wheelhouse.
- 146I. NED STRETCHES HIS NECK to better watch the operations in the wheelhouse where Nemo stands, legs apart, observing his men at the controls. At a signal from the captain, the levers jar into their slots. The floor rocks forward as the submarine plunges, blotting out the light at the ports. Green water surges over the glass. It grows darker and the blue emergency lights wink on. The levers are shifted. Bells chime and the dials reply with ballast readings, trim, the movement of the diving planes. Ned's features, lit by the cold light, reflect his keen interest and satisfaction. When Nemo turns, suddenly noticing him, he grins, plunking his guitar and ducks out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. A BLAST OF SNOW BLURS OUR VISION, peppering the Nautilus as it surfaces amid a sea of ice floes.
148. THE WEATHER CLEARS revealing the submarine hemmed in by towering crags of ice, feeling her way through a treacherous channel. Gradually, still moving ahead, it submerges.

DISSOLVE TO:

149. THE NAUTILUS RISES THROUGH BLUE WATER, breaking free in a smother of foam on the sun-drenched surface of the Pacific again. To one side lies an island with a long finger of land reaching out.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

Since coming aboard the Nautilus we had travelled over ten thousand leagues under the sea....

149. CONTINUED

The submarine, barely making steerageway, moves towards the island of Rorapandi.

DISSOLVE TO:

150. ARONNAX AND NEMO come up the main hatch and start down the deck.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

During this time Captain Nemo had shared his confidence with me, and I wondered why, until one day he asked me alone to go ashore with him. At last I felt I was to know the answer...

The crew, pouring out of the rear hatch, goes to work on some levers. A section of the deck opens, revealing the small boat snuggled in its compartment. The boat is moved down the groove until it floats free, the men steadying it with lines as the submarine comes around into the wind. Aronnax and Nemo climb aboard with two oarsmen.

151. FROM THE OPEN MAIN HATCH Ned Land observes this operation with interest. Behind him stands Conseil, who retreats when the harpooner turns, throwing him a baleful glance.

152. THE MEN TAKE THE OARS and the skiff shoves off, Aronnax sitting forward of Nemo who occupies the stern sheets. Aronnax turns, looking anxiously at the Captain, as the skiff heads into choppy seas, bearing for the finger of land.

DISSOLVE TO:

153. BELOW THE SUMMIT OF THE HEADLAND lies a short beach where the skiff is brought ashore, the crew piling out to hold the boat as Aronnax and Nemo step out, the Captain leading the way up a rocky path, the crew members remaining behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

153A NEMO AND ARONNAX climb into scene, the former holding a telescope. They reach the summit which forms one arm of a bay and from this position are able to see the activities

153A. CONTINUED

along the sea wall and the beach. Ragged gangs of prisoners are loading a large black cargo vessel moored to a wharf, a seemingly endless procession of wretched men carrying heavy sacks up the gangplank as another column limps back to the junction of a narrow-gauge ore train to receive fresh burdens. Guards in white Sudan helmets supervise the work, their rifles at the ready.

NEMO

Man's inhumanity to man. The prison camp of Rorapandi, the white man's grave.

Aronnax stares in disbelief.

ARONNAX

I've heard the name, but I thought it had been abolished.

NEMO

(darkly)

Nothing is abolished that turns a profit for that hated nation!

(hands Aronnax the telescope)

You can see better what I mean with this.

Aronnax lifts the telescope to his eye.

154.

THE SCENE ON THE BEACH SWIMS INTO VIEW greatly enlarged. A tiny ore train snakes up the barren slopes as a group of prisoners, chained together, staggers back towards the wharf. A guard follows them, striking out with a whip. A man stumbles to his knees, dodging blows, then rejoins the column.

ARONNAX'S VOICE

What are in those sacks they are carrying?

NEMO'S VOICE

Nitrates and phosphate for ammunition, the seeds of war. They are loading a full cargo of death, and when that ship takes it home, the world will die a little more.

The last gang of prisoners is straggling up the gangplank of the ship.

155. ARONNAX lowers the telescope, obviously shaken. Nemo seems frozen, fists clenched, his features drawn as though in death, staring towards the beach with unseeing eyes. Nemo's face is terrible to behold.

NEMO

I was once one of those pitiful wretches you see down there.

(grimly)

Look at it again, Professor. I don't want you to forget what you've seen today.

156. OUT

157. ARONNAX folds the telescope.

ARONNAX

(sickened)

I've seen enough.

NEMO

It's burned everlastingly in my memory.

He turns abruptly, descending towards the skiff on the other side as Aronnax, with a last glance towards the beach, follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

158. ABOARD THE SKIFF enroute back to the submarine, the oarsmen pull lustily as the island recedes in the background, Aronnax watching as Nemo stares straight ahead. The Professor shifts his gaze as Nemo begins to speak.

NEMO

I did not escape from there alone. There were others - and most of them are still with me.

ARONNAX

The crew of the Nautilus?

NEMO

(nods)

They are dedicated men - with a plan for living. But also a plan for dying.

Aronnax is silent a moment, the admission sinking in slowly. Nemo appears lost in reflections. Finally, he speaks again:

158. CONTINUED

NEMO
We seized one of their ships, and
fled beyond maps. A place known
to me simply as Vulcania.

ARONNAX
Vulcania? It sounds remote.

NEMO
Remote and useful. It was there
we built the Nautilus. You'll
have the privilege of seeing all
this first-hand. When our mission
is completed, the Nautilus is going
home.

He looks offscene as the oarsmen peer over their shoulders
and ship the oars.

159. THE NAUTILUS rolls gently in the swells as the skiff is
brought alongside, Nemo's men hurrying aft to take the
lines. The two oarsmen leap to the deck, Nemo and Aronnax
following. The Professor's gaze takes in the crew, stand-
ing at various stations and securing the skiff. The mate
comes out of the hatch.

MATE
(saluting)
They're getting up steam, sir.

He points off, Nemo looking ashore with Aronnax.

160. A BLACK COLUMN OF SMOKE darkens the sky beyond the headland.

161. NEMO'S FACE contracts in lines of bitterness.

NEMO
Very good.
(ominously)
That ship will sail with the
tide, but the evil in its hold
will never reach its destination.
(to mate)
You have your orders.
(sharply to Aronnax)
Go below, Professor.

ARONNAX
(shocked)
You're going to sink that ship?

161. CONTINUED

Nemo whirls on him angrily.

NEMO

I said go below! And stay
in your quarters!

The crew hurries Aronnax along the deck to the main hatch,
Nemo staring again towards the headland.

DISSOLVE TO:

162. OUT

163. THE SAVAGE NOTES OF ORGAN MUSIC blend with the setting
sun as it disappears like a molten disk behind the island.
Coming through the reef is the nitrate ship, turning
broadside in the open sea, paddles creaming the water,
black smoke billowing from her stack. Moving darkly
against the golden sunset, the ship appears big and ugly,
moving faster now, homeward bound on a limitless ocean.

164. THE MUSIC EXPLODES WITH BARBARIC FURY as we find Captain
Nemo at the console of the organ, the chords crashing
through the salon as he manipulates the stops, playing
with wild abandon, angrily, expertly. His face, drawn
and terrible, mirrors the torment inside this strange and
driven man.

165. IN ARONNAX'S QUARTERS the Professor paces the floor,
disturbed by the penetrating sound of the organ.

166. ACROSS THE PASSAGEWAY IN NED'S CABIN Conseil is working
with needle and thread, mending the Professor's coat as
the harpooner, sprawled on the bunk, toys with the guitar,
playing a few bars in melancholy counter-point to Nemo's
theme.

NED

(grimly)

Another one for Davy Jones, mate.

Conseil throws him a nervous glance, rises and opens the
door, the music reverberating loudly through the ship.

167. THE NITRATE SHIP gathers speed, coming straight towards
us, a bone in her teeth, the thrashing paddles seemingly
keeping time with the booming rhythm of the organ.

168. A BELL SOUNDS IN THE SALON and Captain Nemo with a last, frenzied burst brings the music to a thunderous crescendo. Spent with the effort, he rises, a look of deadly determination on his face. He strides from the salon purposely, entering:

169. THE CHART ROOM where he encounters the mate and another crew member, both turning from the dials on the bulkhead.

NEMO

Lighten ship - clear for action.

MATE

All clear, sir.

The crew member snaps some switches closed. Air whistles from the ballast tanks, Nemo climbing to the wheelhouse.

170. OUT

171. NEMO enters the wheelhouse, motioning aside the men at the wheel.

NEMO

Stand by engines.

He grips the wheel as levers are thrust forward and we hear the clank of bells deep within the ship.

NEMO

Half ahead.

The engines answer the thrust of levers, accelerating loudly. Needles whip to a position on the dials.

171A. THE NAUTILUS appears as an evil dark mass, awaiting its prey. With a low whine it shoots forward. The lights flash on and the roaring sound builds to a banshee howl.

172. SUBMARINE AND NITRATE ship move on converging courses, the former steaming away on a tangent as the Nautilus picks up speed.

173. IN THE WHEELHOUSE Captain Nemo tightens his grip on the wheel, gauging the distance between the two ships. There is a thump as the vessel breasts asea, rivulets of water wetting the ports.

173. CONTINUED

NEMO
Collision speed, full.

The levers come back in banks and the engines roar. Spray hits the ports in torrents, the sea curling back from a monstrous bow wave, a watery serpent twisting past to whirl aft in explosive fury. Nemo's gaze is riveted ahead. A high-pitched howling sound is heard above the general tumult.

174. THE NITRATE SHIP churns up the slope of a monstrous swell, dipping down the other side as the Nautilus shifts course, going at terrific speed, the wake detonating astern in a series of violent puffs, the twin jets rising like plumes. The nitrate ship, aware at last of peril, falters, attempting to veer. Slowly the big ship swings.
175. THE NAUTILUS approaching on the port quarter, rears from the water, bearing down hard. Then the submarine dives, striking at bilge-level, the cruel ram chewing through timbers in a lightning swoop underneath. A crash echoes across the waves. The submarine vanishes to appear on the opposite side as the nitrate ship heels far over, drunkenly rolls back and suddenly explodes. Deck, hull, cargo booms, paddle wheels and masts erupt in an ear-splitting blast, searing the sky with wreckage. A giant ball of fire spins upward. Another terrifying explosion flings the stack towards the heavens as the shattered hulk, ablaze from bow to stern, settles quickly in a fiery sea dotted with tiny black figures. The Nautilus, at safe range, slowly circles.
176. NEMO'S FACE is a savage mask aflame with horrid satisfaction, his knuckles white on the wheel.
177. IN THE PASSAGEWAY BELOW Aronnax, Conseil and Ned burst from their cabins in wild alarm. Another blast penetrates the submarine, rocking the passageway. The men rush aft to the sound of clanging bells and escaping air, hurrying into:
178. THE CHART ROOM where they find the ladder to the wheelhouse blocked by the mate and several crew members, who motion them violently away. Aronnax, leading the way, pushes through the short alley and they enter:

179. THE SALON, all three rushing to the viewing well where .
Aronnax begins fumbling with the controls.

NED

(shoves him aside)

Here -- let me!

He twists the correct knobs. The lights dim and the view panels slide open, revealing a confused scene, bubbles and foam. The floor lurches under their feet and the submarine tilts towards the depths.

180. ON THE SURFACE the Nautilus vanishes without undue turbulence. Not so the nitrate ship, which points its stern straight up, poises for a brief instant, then plummets from sight, a vast wave rising over its smoking grave.

181. UNDER THE SEA the wreck floats slowly down, turning over and over in the transparent water. Much in the manner of a falling leaf, it cartwheels towards the bottom as the Nautilus cruises by to observe the final death struggles of a hated enemy.

182. FROM THE VIEWING PORTS OF THE SUBMARINE, Aronnax, Conseil and Ned watch in horrible fascination, unable to tear their eyes away from the spectacle. The Nautilus veers closer, sweeping above the dead vessel's decks, affording the onlookers a grand-stand view of massacre under the sea.

183. MIDWAY IN THE DEPTHS the nitrate ship flies apart in another sudden explosion which turns the water from blue to livid flaming red, a blast that obliterates the hulk and causes the Nautilus to whirl upward out of control.

184. ARONNAX, CONSEIL AND NED are thrown into a heap as the salon corkscrews in all directions, the viewports flickering to the blast, furniture and lamps crashing past them like tumble-weeds. Coral dust, silt, dead fish and up-rooted weed chase back and forth across the glass, stirred by madly-racing currents. Ever so slowly the submarine regains her trim, our party of three getting up stunned and shaken. Conseil is the first to find his voice.

CONSEIL

(dazed)

All those men, drowning before
our very eyes. They didn't
have a chance.

184. CONTINUED

NED

(as it sinks in)

Yeah - they were sailors same
as me.

(angrily to Aronnax)

Slaughtered by that monster
you're tryin' to make friends
with!

Aronnax can only stare out the ports, still hypnotized
by the disaster, but Conseil sees Ned's fury building.

CONSEIL

(placating)

Ned, please...

Ned takes a step closer to Aronnax.

NED

(with deadly emphasis)

I don't know how you feel,
Professor, but I feel like
a knife that's just stabbed
a friend in th' back.

He turns, leaving the Professor, Conseil following him
towards the exit. They pause as Nemo enters, walking
as a man in a dream. He seems scarcely to notice them
and is apparently unaware of the fierce expression of
loathing as Ned appraises him. Conseil grips the
harpooner's arm as though to restrain him from
violence.

NEMO

(continuing to
viewport)

Go to your quarters.

Conseil nudges Ned, steering him out of the salon as
Nemo stares blankly from the ports a moment, then snaps
a switch. The viewports close, Aronnax looking now at
the Captain, trying to assemble his thoughts. The mate
suddenly enters, saluting.

184. CONTINUED

MATE

Damage report, sir.
Rudder and starboard diving
planes disabled.

NEMO

Mustering a repair party. We'll
make temporary repairs here.

MATE

Aye, sir.

He exits, Nemo turning to notice Aronnax.

NEMO

(dully)

I asked you to leave, Professor.

ARONNAX

You also asked me ashore to show me
man's inhumanity to man. Why? To
justify this?

(hotly)

You're not only a murderer! You're
a hypocrite! The proof lies out
there!

He indicates the closed viewports as Nemo steps towards
him, angered.

NEMO

You call that murder?

(voice rising)

Well, I see murder, too! Not
written on those drowned faces
out there, but on the faces of
dead thousands!

He pauses, trembling, fists clenched at his sides.

NEMO

(gesturing towards
viewport)

And there are the assassins, the
dealers in death. I am the
avenger!

184. CONTINUED

NEMO

(rushing on)

Is murder a right reserved for
that hated nation that has taken
everything else from me?

(bitterly)

Everything but my secret, the
secret of this submarine and the
energy that propels it! God
knows they tried! They cast me
into prison, and when that failed
they tortured my wife and young
son to death!

Tense and shaken, Nemo comes close to the Professor as
though seeking vindication; and when none is forthcoming,
he continues:

NEMO

Do you know the meaning of love,
Professor?

ARONNAX

I believe I do.

NEMO

(wretchedly)

What you fail to understand is
the power of hate.

(sinks to the settee)

It can fill the heart as surely
as love can.

He covers his face with his hands. Aronnax stares at him,
torn between pity and horror at what Nemo has done.

ARONNAX

(quietly)

I'm sorry for you. It's a bitter
substitute.

He turns, exiting from the salon forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

185. OUT

186. ARONNAX'S QUARTERS where he surprises Conseil reading his
journal, another book stuffed under the apprentice's arm
and several volumes lying on the floor amid a litter of
papers.

186. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

(flustered)

Oh, I was just tidying up in here.

(shuts journal, stoops)

The explosions scattered everything
all over the place.

Aronnax snatches the journal from him, throws it on the
desk, and begins removing his jacket. He is obviously
still shaken from his encounter with Nemo, his thoughts
in a turmoil.

CONSEIL

I was meaning to speak to you,
Professor....

Aronnax takes his dressing robe from the closet, Conseil
helping him on with it.

ARONNAX

About what?

He pulls the robe tight and sits down at the desk, resting
his head in his hand.

CONSEIL

If you'll forgive me, I think
things have gone far enough.
Murder means nothing to him.
He enjoys it.

Aronnax turns, his expression tense and drawn.

ARONNAX

You're sure of that, are you?
(sharply)
Quite sure?

Conseil hesitates, taken aback by the Professor's attitude.

CONSEIL

I can only judge him by what I've
observed.

ARONNAX

(exploding)

It's not your place to judge
him! Why must you persist in
meddling with matters that are
no concern of yours? Is it
your life you're worried about?

CONSEIL

A little, yes.

186. CONTINUED

Aronnax slaps the desk with vexation, rising.

ARONNAX
Well, stop it! Nothing's happened to you yet -- and it won't if you do as you're told! You sound like you've been listening to Ned Land. Have you?

CONSEIL
Absolutely not - we seldom speak.

ARONNAX
That's just as well then.
(angrily)
And don't worry about Captain Nemo. He's already said he has use for me, but what's most important is that the world has a use for him. I must make him understand that. And when he does, I assure you he'll judge himself far more harshly than you ever can -- is that clear?

CONSEIL
(quietly)
Whatever you say, Captain.

ARONNAX
Now please get out and leave me alone.

He sits down at the desk, but Conseil doesn't budge. Instead he stands his ground, jaw set stubbornly, afraid to retort but too proud to retreat. A thought suddenly occurs to Aronnax and he turns.

ARONNAX
What did you call me - Captain?

CONSEIL
I did - and I must say there's certainly a resemblance.

With this he wheels, making a grand exit, Aronnax watching him with growing displeasure.

187. CONSEIL enters Ned's cabin, shuts the door and leans against it, a glassy look in his eyes as he tries to collect his thoughts. The harpooner, lying face down on the bunk, appears to be asleep.

CONSEIL
(moistens lips)
Ned...

187. CONTINUED

The harpooner rolls over and favors him with a baleful glance.

NED
What d'you want?

CONSEIL
I think it's time we had a little talk.

Ned flings himself off the bunk and gets up, stretching.

NED
Do you now?
(sourly, starts for door)
Well, I suggest you find a nice hyena your own age and talk to him.

He reaches for the door, but Conseil hangs onto the knob.

CONSEIL
I'm serious - I've just discovered something. I know Nemo's plans!

Ned whirls on him.

NED
What about his plans?

CONSEIL
(lowers voice)
I know where we're going now. A place called Vulcania.

Angrily, Ned grabs him by the collar, twisting.

NED
Did the Professor put you up to this?

CONSEIL
(gasping)
Ned, I swear he doesn't even know I'm talking to you! I read it in his journal!
(earnestly)
If I wanted to spy on you, I could've told him about the treasure and the food you've been stealing.
(points)
And hiding it under your bunk!

187. CONTINUED

Surprised, Ned relaxes his grip and bounds over to his bunk, yanking the guitar and some canvas sacks from under it. He opens them quickly, examines the contents of the guitar, looks in the pouch and puts them back, puzzled.

NED

(straightens)

Alright, why didn't you?

CONSEIL

Because I can't make him understand the danger we're in. Nemo's won him over completely. It's up to us, Ned. We've got to save ourselves and save him in spite of himself!

(extends hand)

Trust me, will you?

Ned comes back and bats his hand aside.

NED

What's this place you're babbling about?

CONSEIL

Vulcania. Nemo's base. It's definitely where we're headed.

He snaps his fingers as an idea strikes him.

NED

It might work. Yeah, I think it can. But we've gotta get a look at his charts first.

(opens door)

This might be our chance.

After a pause, Ned motions Conseil to follow him into:

188. THE PASSAGEWAY and they hurry past Aronnax's door, moving stealthily aft to peer through the open door to:

189. THE CHART ROOM where Nemo and the mate are supervising the departure of the work party, the men descending the hatch leading to the outfitting chamber below. All carry large wrenches and crowbars.

NEMO

I'll need all hands. You keep a watch.

MATE

Aye, sir.

189. CONTINUED

He stands aside as Nemo goes down the hatch, the mate closing it after him, then proceeding aft into salon. With the coast clear, Ned and Conseil slip into the room from the passageway.

NED

(motioning)

Keep your eye peeled for the mate.

He crosses the room to the chart rack, pulling out the charts and spreading them on the table as Conseil runs into the passageway leading to the salon, parting the curtains.

DISSOLVE TO:

190. NEMO AND THE CREW are dropping out of the escape hatch at the bottom of the submarine, landing beneath the keel on the ocean floor. Led by their captain the men move in single file towards the stern of the submarine, taking up positions around the twisted supporting frame of the giant rudder. At a signal from Nemo, several of them begin prying the broken members back as others climb on the diving planes, employing their crowbars as rams, banging them against the damaged parts. A hollow booming sound is heard as the work continues, Nemo directing the operations.

191. IN THE CHART ROOM Ned flips through the charts, the sounds of the repair party echoing throughout the ship. Conseil suddenly stiffens, waving to Ned from the passageway aft. Absorbed, the harpooner doesn't notice him.

192. THE MATE is just entering the salon from the door behind the organ, walking towards Conseil who quickly drops the curtains and dashes into:

193. THE CHART ROOM to join Ned, who is still searching the charts.

CONSEIL

He's coming! Put them back!

Ned slams the charts back in the rack, then looks around wildly, spotting the open door to Nemo's cabin. He shoves Conseil ahead of him.

NED

In there - quick!

193. CONTINUED

They skid into the cabin, closing the door a scant moment before the mate enters from the salon, pausing to check the instrument panel on the bulkhead. His eyes sweep the room, coming to rest on one chart hanging loosely from the rack. Crossing over, he puts it back in place, frowning suspiciously.

194.

INSIDE NEMO'S CABIN Ned opens the door a crack, watching as the mate starts for the circular staircase and goes up towards the wheelhouse. Conseil stands tensely at the harpooner's back, holding his breath. Then Ned's eyes light on the large chart framed by the instrument panel on the bulkhead. Rushing over, he leans close, running his finger along the map's surface beneath the pantograph of the submarine.

CONSEIL

What is it?

NED

(excitedly)

I think I've found something.
Gimme a pencil...

Conseil snatches up a pencil from the table, joining him.

NED

(pointing)

Look - this big 'V'. All the
distances're measured from it.

CONSEIL

(reacting)

Yes, it must be. You're right!

Ned begins scribbling as Conseil stares at the ornate 'V' on the chart, midway between the equator and the antarctic in the torrid zone, a tiny dot well-removed from other islands and circled in black.

NED

(mumbling)

Thirty-six south - north...one
sixty-four...

(looks up)

Where's th' calipers?

Conseil steps over to the table for the calipers. As he picks them up the seal suddenly rears from the settee, barking loudly, smacking its flippers together.

CONSEIL

(aghast)

Go away! Stop it - be quiet!

194. CONTINUED

NED

Pipe down, you noisy beggar!

In a franzy, Ned snatches an ornament from the bulkhead -- a round float for fish nets, yanking it free of the sling and hurling it at the seal, which catches it expertly on its nose, balancing the float like a ball.

CONSEIL

(in despair)

Now see what you've done!
He wants to play!

The seal tosses his head and the ball bounces across the room. Then the animal slithers off the settee, barking happily at Conseil, who retreats. Ned lifts a chair above his head.

CONSEIL

Wait - I'll reason with him.
(kneels)

Now listen to me. You're a very talented animal, but this is no time for tricks - understand?

The seal, fascinated by Conseil's expression, cocks his head, returning the stare, suddenly quiet.

NED

That's th' ticket - keep talking.

He streaks for the door, peers out, closes it as the seal barks sharply.

CONSEIL

(to Seal)

Have you read any good books lately?

(the seal barks)

Be still - we'll buy you a fish.

(the seal barks again)

Or candy! Quiet, please!

(to Ned)

I'm afraid I'm boring him.

Ned grabs the humidor, taking out a fist-full of cigars, which he thrusts at the seal.

NED

Here - have a smoke.

Eagerly, the seal gobbles the cigars. Ned hands the humidor to Conseil.

194. CONTINUED

NED

Can you beat that? He
loves 'em!

He stoops down, pets the seal's head as it chews up the
cigar.

CONSEIL

(admiringly)

You have a great way with
animals, Ned.

NED

(turning to chart table)

I do better with women.

(picks up calipers)

And they don't eat cigars like
that brute.

(busily working)

Had one that smoked a pipe once,
though.

(winks at Conseil)

Half a mile at sea I could tell
she was waitin' on th' pier -
by th' smoke.

There is a clanking sound offscene and the sound of escaping
air.

195. CAPTAIN NEMO and several of his men step out of the tube
in the diving chamber, waiting for the water-tight doors
to open as air hisses from the compartment.

196. IN NEMO'S CABIN Ned is writing madly as Conseil continues
to feed the seal cigars.

CONSEIL

(sweating)

Eat more slowly, please.

197. NEMO AND THE CREW enter the outfitting room, divesting
themselves of their suits. One by one they start up the
ladder to the chart room.

198. CONSEIL is holding the humidor out of reach of the seal
which leaps, snapping for it, the apprentice scrambles
to his feet.

198. CONTINUED

CONSEIL
Hurry - I'm running out
of cigars!

Ned nods, bent over the table. Conseil drops the cigar
in the seal's mouth.

199. IN THE CHART ROOM Nemo comes out of the hatch, steps
to the door of his cabin. As he opens it, the mate comes
down from the wheelhouse, Nemo turning to him.

NEMO
We'll complete repairs
at the base.

200. INSIDE NEMO'S CABIN Ned stuffs the paper in his pocket
and bounds for the side door with Conseil, who empties
the last of the cigars on the floor. Nemo's back is
visible in the open door.

NEMO
(to mate)
Resume speed at fifty fathoms.

MATE (o.s.)
Aye, sir.

As Conseil exits behind Ned, Nemo turns, entering the
cabin to give it a cursory glance. He stoops, petting
the seal who is devouring the last of the cigars.
Puzzled, he picks up the humidior, shrugs, then opens
a locker, removing his coat. On the inside of the
locker door is an oval photograph of a handsome young
boy and his mother. A look of bitterness lights his
face as the submarine quivers to the vibration of the
engines, bells sounding.

201. THE DOOR TO NED'S QUARTERS opens and we see the harpooner in the passageway with Conseil.

NED
Listen, I've gotta do a little research and I'll need some specimens. Get 'em.

CONSEIL
I'll be delighted. What kind?

NED
Th' ones in bottles.
(pushes him)
Go on - beat it. An' don't get caught.

He enters his room, closing the door in Conseil's face. The harpooner sits down at the desk, fishes out the paper from his pocket, pulls out a pad and begins copying the figures he found in Nemo's cabin.

DISSOLVE TO:

202. SIX SCRAPS OF PAPER lined up on the desk, Ned just finishing the last one. Each reads:

"....Aronnax and party captives aboard monster submarine boat based Lon. 36 degrees 19 minutes South, Lat. 164 degrees 27 minutes West."

The harpooner looks up as Conseil slips into the room, arms pressed across his bulging shirt-front. He kicks the door shut behind him and crosses to desk, taking out half a dozen specimen bottles.

CONSEIL
Well, you've got everything here from the rarest nudibranchs to oysters.

He manages a look at the messages.

NED
Oysters're out of season.
(waving him off)
Dump 'em in th' sink. All of 'em.
I just want th' bottles.

CONSEIL
(horrified)
You're joking! These are priceless!

202. CONTINUED

CONSEIL (cont'd)
(sudden thought)
You're not thinking of putting messages
in bottles: Why that went out of
date with Robinson Crusoe! You've
forgotten this is the Nineteenth
Century!

Ned gets up, grinning.

NED
There's something else I've
forgotten.

CONSEIL
What?

The harpooner reaches out, positions Conseil's jaw in
his hand, tilts it at the correct angle, then doubles his
right hand into a fist, dealing the apprentice a short
rabbit punch on the chin that sends him toppling backwards
to land on the bunk, the bottles clattering to the floor.

NED
That was for spyin' on me.
(doubles fist)
And you've got a credit here
if I ever catch you paddin'
around in th' shadow of my
stern again - remember that!

He crosses, gently lifts Conseil to his feet, patting him
on the head as though he were a small boy.

CONSEIL
(rubs chin)
I'll try not to collect it.

NED
I don't like bashin' anybody,
but you had that comin', lad.

CONSEIL
(pleased)
This makes us friends then.

This time Ned grasps his hand and slaps him on the back.

202. CONTINUED

NED

Sure - shipmates.

(turns to table)

Now I'll tell you what I've got in mind.

(picks up bottles)

This may be old stuff, tossin' messages off in bottles, but I've heard of it working.

(pulls cork out of bottle with his teeth, sniffs)

Alcohol

CONSEIL

Hundred proof.

NED

(hands him bottle)

Well, just drain th' pollywogs out. Save th' grog.

(pulls another cork)

Anyhow, a chap I knew got shipwrecked in th' Bahamas, him and a lady passenger alone on an island.

(nudges Conseil, sits down)

They had plenty of time on their hands so they began writin' notes and puttin' 'em in old rum bottles, settin' 'em adrift. One of 'em got through, too, and they were rescued along with th' kids.

(lifts bottle to lips)

Our big job's gonna be throwin' th' bottles overboard without being seen.

He takes a deep swallow.

CONSEIL

(puzzled)

Did you say kids?

NED

(nods, drinking)

Yeah, but it was all right. A missionary ship picked 'em up -- married 'em on th' spot.

(suddenly chokes)

I swallowed it!

Conseil, who has been stuffing bottles inside his shirt, looks up, shocked.

202. CONTINUED

CONSEIL
(stares at label)
There was a Flabellina Oculina
in there, poor thing.

Dismayed, Ned fingers his throat.

DISSOLVE TO:

203-204-205-206. OUT

207. THE NAUTILUS, submerged, makes a long banking turn as it approaches the ocean floor for a landing.

DISSOLVE TO:

208. ON THE BOTTOM a party of hunters on the march, Ned bringing up the rear, his face large behind the glass of the diving helmet. With a crafty look around, he pulls a bottle from under his belt and releases it, the bottle twisting and turning as it climbs toward the surface, unnoticed by the other members of the party.

DISSOLVE TO:

209. GREAT FOUNTAINS OF SPRAY burst thunderously over submerged reefs, blotting out the NAUTILUS as it threads a precarious path along the southern coast of New Guinea, the chart tilting behind scene to illustrate our course.

209A. A MONTAGE OF BOTTLES dancing in the submarine's wake, spinning into the waves, trailing far astern, dotting the surfaces of the ocean. Over this we hear the tinkling music of the guitar and Ned singing "Whale of a Tale."

210. THE REAR HATCH OF THE NAUTILUS is raised a few inches, Ned peeking out. After a cautious survey, he lifts it higher, then kisses a bottle and flings it out into the roaring wake. Reaching inside his jacket, he pulls out another bottle and throws it after the first one, a satisfied smile on his face. With both hands he hurls a couple more bottles, then ducks down, closing the hatch.

211. INSIDE THE NAUTILUS Ned comes down the ladder into the aft chamber, hurrying forward past the plunging pistons, whistling happily as he moves forward into:

212.

THE SALON Ned entering and crossing towards display cabinet to select some specimen bottles. There is a sudden, sharp bark and the seal slithers out of the viewing well, barking. Desperately, Ned tries to quiet him, holding a finger to lips, but to no avail. Then he sees a cigar humidor, runs over and grabs some cigars, throwing a couple to the seal, which quiets down instantly, munching the bait as Ned, filling his pockets with more cigars, steps to the specimen cases, reaching up for bottles on a shelf, all labelled and containing forms of marine life. Working fast, he thrusts several bottles under his jacket, pausing to throw the seal another cigar. Aronnax makes an unexpected entrance at the forward end of the room to find Ned guiltily holding a bottle in his hand.

ARONNAX

(suspiciously)

By the way - I've noticed quite a few specimens missing. What're you doing with that?

Ned replaces it quickly.

NED

Putting it back.

He starts backing out. A bottle begins to slip out of his coat and he grasps his middle, grimacing.

ARONNAX

Are you ill?

NED

(indicates stomach)

Pains.

He hitches his trousers to keep the bottles from slipping and a distinct splashing sound is heard.

ARONNAX

What's that splashing?

NED

Me - it's th' food. Too watery.
(retreating)

My whole belly's awash, Professor.

He manages to reach the forward exit behind the fountain and flees. Aronnax frowns, glancing at the specimen case. The seal barks as the Professor steps over, examining the empty spaces, worriedly shaking his head.

213. NED ENTERS the chart room to find Conseil waiting anxiously at the entrance to the passageway forward.

NED

The Professor caught me with a bottle in my hand.

CONSEIL

Does he suspect?

NED

Well, he's got th' wind up.

(starts)

I'll stow these and call it quits.

He exits on the run. Suddenly, an alarm bell begins ringing insistently. A light flashes on the bulkhead and there is a growl of straining machinery. Nemo's cabin door flies open and the Captain brushes past Conseil, ascending the staircase to:

214. THE WHEELHOUSE where the helmsman is fighting the wheel. The spokes spin freely back and forth as the mate struggles with the controls, aided by two crew members.

MATE

(to Nemo)

She won't answer her helm, sir.

Nemo leaps to the ports.

NEMO

All astern - full!

MATE

Aye, sir.

The submarine trembles to the whine of reverse gears.

215. THE NAUTILUS creeps around a smoking reef, swinging drunkenly into sheltered water. A point of land juts out from a towering mass of mountains. Beyond the point is a bright beach fringed with clusters of tall nipa palms. Directly ahead of the submarine lies a partly-submerged sand spit with the surf breaking over it in gentle rollers.

216. UNDERWATER the bow of the Nautilus crunches into sand and coral, jolting to a stop amid clouds of silt.

217. CONSEIL nearly loses his balance as the chart room floor tips. Then Aronnax appears from the salon, plainly showing his alarm.

CONSEIL
What's happened now?

ARONNAX
We seem to have run aground.

He looks up the staircase as Nemo comes down with the mate.

CONSEIL
An accident, Captain?

NEMO
(shortly)
An incident. Our faulty rudder's
put us on a reef. The tide will
float us free by evening.

The mate has the main hatch sliding open as Nemo turns to the Professor and Ned reappears.

NEMO
We're off the coast of New Guinea,
Professor. Would you like to go
ashore?

Aronnax regards him with hostility.

ARONNAX
Thank you, no. The last time
we went ashore it was a prelude
to murder.

He exits into passageway forward. Stung by the rebuff,
Nemo starts up the steps.

NEMO
Check for leaks.

MATE
Aye, sir.

He hurries aft as Nemo vanishes into the sunlight above.

NED
(to Conseil)
Throwin' away a chance like that!
The Professor's losin' his ballast!

Disgusted, he runs up towards the main hatch, Conseil following.

217A. NED PEERS OUT OF THE HATCH, Conseil coming up behind him. The harpooner takes a deep breath of air, his eyes on the shore.

NED

Smell it...!
(rapturously)
Sweet as an' angel's kiss.
(points off)
Dry land, mate - coconuts, mangos
an' native girls, hungry for affect-
ion. I'd give anything to shake
hands with a tree again.

CONSEIL

(wistfully)
So would I. And so would the Pro-
fessor, but he won't take any favors
from Nemo.
(sadly)
I know how badly he wanted to collect
specimens, too.

Ned shoots him a surprised glance.

NED

What's wrong with you going in
his stead?

Conseil gives him an oblique look, wise and searching.

CONSEIL

Nothing.
(drawing him out)
How about you?

NED

(grinning)
Me? I'm a collectin' fool.

Conseil nods, climbing out of hatch.

CONSEIL

No harm in asking.

Ned claps him on the back.

NED

(delighted)
No harm at all, mate.

218. ON DECK they cross to where Nemo and a group of sailors are peering overside, appraising the position of the submarine which lies firmly wedged on the reef, the surf boiling and gurgling over the rocks.

218. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

(to Nemo)

Captain, I wondered as long as
the Professor's not going ashore
if I could go in his place.

(hurriedly)

To collect specimens and take notes.

Nemo gives him and Ned a penetrating once-over.

NEMO

You feel qualified?

CONSEIL

Of course. We've worked together
for years.

NED

(butting in)

I can row, sir. I've got a strong
back.

Nemo's eyes twinkle.

NEMO

And a strong desire to escape.

Ned manages a hurt look.

NED

I'm no deserter, sir.

(smart salute)

Happy to be aboard, sir.

Nemo hides his amusement by rubbing his chin, his gaze
shifting ashore.

NEMO

Very well. Permission granted.

But stay on the beach.

(indicates shore)

The natives over there are cannibals.

And they eat liars with the same en-
thusiasm as honest men.

(calls off)

Break out the skiff.

The crew falls to the levers, the deck sliding back to
reveal the skiff. Ned stuffs a cigar in his mouth,
barely able to conceal his pleasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

(Revised 1/30/54) 95.

219. THE SKIFF as Ned pulls on the oars, facing Conseil, chewing on his cigar. They round the headland.

CONSEIL
(glancing back)
That was too easy. I can feel a
telescope boring into my back.

NED
(grunting)
Count your blessings, lad - don't
tear 'em apart.

DISSOLVE TO:

220. THE WHITE SANDY BEACH as the skiff grates to a stop. Ned leaping out to drag it a few feet from the water and help Conseil to alight. The surf breaks gently in this protected cove. It is peaceful, hot and deserted, but fifty feet back in a fringe of palms the jungle begins, a solid wall of green. For a moment Ned stares towards the tangled growth, his eyes glowing, then starts along the beach.

CONSEIL
I don't see any native girls,
hungry for affection.

NED
Take it easy. Every place is
different. In Panama they hide
behind their verandas and send
their kid brothers out to invite
you in. I don't know what th'
custom is here...

He pulls up short in surprise. A number of fiddler crabs are waltzing across the sand, waving their claws in a welcome gesture as though beckoning the men to some divine pleasure.

CONSEIL
(amused)
Why, it's the same as Panama!

NED
(grins)
Fiddler crabs. They've got designs
on the lady there - see how popular
she is?

The female crab is ignoring the attention as the males, making wide, sweeping gestures, trying to lure her into their holes. Suddenly, she makes up her mind and vanishes into one of the holes behind the lucky male.

220. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

I don't see what that fellow had to offer.

NED

Well, for one thing, a big pair of claws. And he's probably got a nice cozy hole in th' ground there with th' rent paid.

(starts walking again)

To a crab that's everything.

CONSEIL

(warningly)

We're not to leave the beach, Ned.

NED

Who's leavin' it?

He continues on a Conseil turns to look seaward. Some shells in the wet sand attract his attention and he bends down, digging them out. Offscene we hear Ned's voice, calling:

NED'S VOICE

Hey, I've found somethin'!

221. CONSEIL turns in the direction of the voice.

222. NED is standing on a rocky point at the end of the beach, beckoning with a stiff-arm gesture exactly like the crabs did. A clump of palms jut upward behind him. Conseil breaks into a run, approaching the point.

CONSEIL

What is it?

NED

I'll show you.

(reaches down for him)

Up here.

He pulls Conseil up the rise, pointing:

223. DOWN A JUNGLE TRAIL leading towards the distant mountains, Conseil and Ned in foreground.

NED

See that trail?

Conseil looks off without enthusiasm.

223. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

I knew this was what you wanted
all the time. You want to escape.

NED

You bet I do! And I'm taking you
with me.

CONSEIL

I've been thinking this over, Ned.
(sadly)
I can't leave the Professor.

Ned grabs him by the shoulders.

NED

Listen, I gave th' Professor his
chance, but he's a dreamy bloke!
Making friends with Nemo, talk,
talk, talk! Do somethin' big for
th' world!

(spins Conseil around)
Bilge! There's th' world, lad.
Let's grab it! Once we're through
that jungle we'll hit a port an'
th' whole navy'll be huntin' Nemo
with gunboats! What d'you say?

CONSEIL

(shakes head)

I'm sorry. You'll have to send an
extra gunboat for me and the Pro-
fessor.

(hastily)

I don't mean you shouldn't go. I
want you to! But go quick, now!
They may be watching...

He glances apprehensively seaward.

NED

You mean it?

CONSEIL

I'd do the same thing in your place.
Just promise me you'll watch out for
the cannibals.

NED

Belay th' cannibals!

(fondly)

I hate leavin' you this way.

223. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

Good luck. I hope you make it.

Ned seizes his hand and pumps it vigorously, then musses his hair in a friendly gesture.

NED

You're a real shipmate.

Conseil scrambles down the rocks and strides along the beach, half turning to gesture farewell. For a long moment Ned watches him, then shrugs and begins whistling "A Whale of a Tale." To bolster his courage he begins singing it loudly, shoves aside the creepers and disappears down the trail, his voice growing fainter.

224. NED STUMBLES THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH and the branch of a tree, bent aside, snaps back, dealing him a blow that silences the song. More carefully now he proceeds and suddenly breaks through into:

225. A JUNGLE CLEARING OF GREAT BEAUTY, lushly tropical, cool with shadows. Bright flowers are laced through the tangled foliage and, beyond the trees, there is the sparkle of water. Overhead monkeys flee in chattering panic. Parting the leaves, Ned comes upon a pool, surprising gaily-colored birds which rise in a flurry, leaving him master of the enchanted scene. The water looks good and he throws himself full length to drink, making a splash. As he laps up the water, the ripples marrow and the pool grows calm again. Raising himself on his elbows, Ned peers fascinated at the schools of golden fish charging beneath the surface. His own image is reflected back at him and he smiles in return. Then he stiffens. Next to his reflection leers a human skull, its macabre features and hollow eyes swimming up at him in the shimmering water. Frozen, Ned stares and sees not one skull but an entire row grinning at him in the undulating mirror. He whirls to find:

226. A ROW OF SKULLS ON A BAMBOO POLE directly behind him. Rising, he distrubs a macaw which flies away with a shrill cry. A muffled drum beat is heard. Terrified as the drums grow louder, he lunges back the way he came, flying through the jungle.

227. ON THE BEACH Conseil pauses, listening to the drums, more and more joining the chorus. Alarmed, he starts to run for the skiff. Reaching it, he shoves it into the water and leaps aboard, fumbling for the oars, digging one of them into the sand to send the boat free.

228. CONSEIL BEGINS ROWING wildly, the drums thundering louder. Turning, he sees a figure burst from the jungle and streak along the curving beach.

NED

Hey - come back! Wait for me!

229. A SHOWER OF ARROWS fills the sky and suddenly the beach erupts with a yelling bedlam of savages, flying from the jungle in a mad, roaring horde, firing arrows, hurling spears and screaming as they chase Ned towards the shore. Another burst of arrows causes him to duck and swerve.

230. CONSEIL, flailing the water with his oars, succeeds in turning the skiff. As Ned plunges into the surf, wading out, the natives line up for another volley, the arrows whistling around Conseil, a few sticking straight up in the skiff. He gives Ned a hand, pulling him aboard as the hull becomes a pin cushion for more arrows. Already the natives are thrashing through the surf, howling, but Conseil and Ned are both pulling on the oars and the skiff is breasting the waves, bearing for the headland.

231. FRESH REINFORCEMENTS OF NATIVES rush from the jungle, carrying outrigger canoes, launching them for the chase. In a few moments the skiff is leading a flotilla of war canoes, bristling with savages firing arrows and flinging spears, strong backs bending to the paddles as the enemy moves to intercept the skiff before it can reach the Nautilus.

232. IN THE SKIFF Conseil and Ned are bent almost double on the oars, sweat running down their terrified faces.

CONSEIL

(gasping)

Belay the cannibals, you said.

NED

I walked smack into a row of skulls.

CONSEIL

Skulls?

232. CONTINUED

. NED

(groaning at oars)
There wasn't enough meat on 'em
to make a broth!
(gesturing)
Head for th' point.

The canoes are pacing them, hugging the shore, the yells of the savages loud in their ears. A couple of arrows smack into the skiff, one of them barely missing Ned, who ducks, fumbling an oar stroke.

233. THE SKIFF wobbles into the breakers, disappearing behind a giant comber, emerging on the other side as the canoes shoot past the headland to cut them off. But the skiff is in the clear now, chopping madly towards the Nautilus.

234. COMING ALONGSIDE the submarine, Ned sprawls out, hurriedly secures the skiff and, with Conseil, races for the hatch, the arrows whistling around their heads. The natives canoes veer away, circling warily.

234A. NED AND CONSEIL plunge down the main hatch, arrows descending in clouds around them.

235. IN THE CHART ROOM Captain Nemo emerges from his cabin just as the two fugitives, tripping and stumbling, crash down the steps.

CONSEIL

Cannibals! Hundreds of them! And
a score of canoes!

NED

We're under attack, Captain!

NEMO

(unconcerned)

Naturally. You invaded their
privacy. They have a perfect right
to invade ours.

Nemo crosses to the chart table as a thick bundle of arrows shoots through the hatch, sticking upright in the floor gratings. A loud bedlam of shouts is heard and Ned creeps up the steps, looking out.

236. ON DECK the natives are coming aboard the submarine, picking their way aft with care towards the hatch, motioning others to follow, which they do, piling out of the war canoes.

236A. BELOW THE HATCH Ned shouts down.

NED
They're comin' aboard!

He ducks down as a volley of arrows whistles through the hatch.

236B. IN THE CHART ROOM Nemo observes Ned's descent with indifference.

NED
(scrambling down)
Blast it! Do something! Close the hatch!

Ned grabs a flensing iron.

NEMO
(in sudden anger)
I'll give the commands on this ship, Mr. Land.
(steps to control panel)
Stand aside!

He calmly shuts a connection and begins adjusting a rheostat. Another shower of arrows smash against the steel bulkheads. Blood-curdling howls herald the appearance of dark faces clustered at the main hatch.

Ned whirls to meet the attack, but it never comes. The natives are creeping down the steps, bellowing, when suddenly Nemo slams closed a knife switch. Sparks crackle across a gap on the panel and there is a loud humming sound. A trail of sparks zips up the steps, snapping viciously. With loud shrieks, the natives retreat through the hatch.

237. OUT.

238. OUT.

239. OUT.

240. ON DECK the natives explode out of the hatch, the plates crackling with electricity and the other natives, receiving the charge on their bare feet, leaping in all directions, executing the wildest of dances, clutching each other and yelling as sparks flicker from the hard rails, the mast and the control tower. Bright streaks of sparks

240. CONTINUED

chase back and forth over the metal work, whirling around naked legs like St. Elmo's fire, and the terrified natives plunge overboard in swarms, swimming for their war canoes, climbing aboard and howling.

240A. CONSEIL AND NED rush up into the wheelhouse, crowding past the mate and crew to observe the wild scene on deck through the rear window.

240B. THE WAR CANOES shoot for the headland full of frightened savages in full flight.

241. NEMO enters the wheelhouse, Ned and Conseil looking aft.

NED

(to Conseil)

Well, that's one way to keep guests from droppin' in.

NEMO

A mild charge of electricity, Mr. Land. Not very hospitable, but harmless.

(a brittle note)

And speaking of hospitality, Mr. Land, may I say you have abused mine for the last time?

NED

How's that?

Nemo regards him with keen dislike.

NEMO

(snapping it out)

You have continuously disobeyed my orders!

(in a fine fit)

I told you once the fate of prisoners, and since you insist on being treated as one, I have no choice but to oblige you!

(to mate)

Take him in charge.

MATE

Aye, sir.

241. CONTINUED

The mate and two crew members seize Ned, wrenching his arms behind his back. Ned tries to throw them off, but they only tighten their grip.

NED

(angrily)

What's this all about?

Conseil wets his lips, nervously.

NEMO

You left the beach with the intention of escaping. The only reason you came back is because the natives forced you to. You're going to regret that choice, Mr. Land!

(indicates deck outside)

When we clear this reef I'll see that you trouble my existence no longer.

He motions the men who pull Ned towards the ladder as the helmsman steps over, saluting.

HELMSMAN

Smoke beyond the headland, sir.

He points off, the others hesitating as Nemo strides to the ports, looking out. He picks up the telescope, training it against the glass.

242. THE CIRCULAR FIELD springs into focus and a black pillar of smoke can be seen travelling beyond the headland. All at once a warship steams into view, still several miles distant on leisurely patrol.

243. CAPTAIN NEMO lowers the telescope, turning.

NEMO

A warship.

(to mate)

Put him under guard below. Stand by engines.

MATE

Aye, sir.

The two husky sailors take Ned down the ladder as the mate and crew move to their posts, working the levers to an accompaniment of ringing bells.

243. CONTINUED

NEMO
(to Conseil)
Get below! They'll be shelling us
in a moment.

Conseil hurriedly descends the ladder.

NEMO
(to mate)
Lighten ship and drop all ballast.
We must break free of the reef.

MATE
Aye, sir.
(to crew)
Blow all tanks!

Nemo steps to the wheel as air whistles from open valves.

NEMO
Astern, full!

MATE
Astern, full!

The men answer the commands, pressing the levers back.
With a roar the engines start, shaking the submarine.

243A. IN THE PASSAGEWAY BELOW Ned is sent sprawling into his quarters, the two seamen slamming the door. Aronnax throws open his door, looking out as Conseil rushes into scene.

CONSEIL
A warship, Professor.

The floor heaves and shakes to the jarring of motors. Alarmed, Aronnax hurries aft, Conseil at his heels. One of the two crew members rush forward, leaving the other on guard.

244. OUTSIDE THE NAUTILUS the huge propeller pounds the water into boiling froth. Clouds of mud rise around the hull. The submarine shivers and groans, but fails to budge.

245. THE WARSHIP comes slowly about, bearing towards the Nautilus, dense smoke pouring from her stack. Gathering speed, the ship settles on a course to bring her guns broadside to the helpless submarine.

246. NEMO CHECKS THE DIALS. His hands grip the wheel. The motors shriek.
247. ASTERN the water boils in murky clouds as the propeller races madly.
248. THE WARSHIP OPENS FIRE and shells scream across the water, over-shooting the submarine as the warship works closer. Another salvo rips from the gun ports and this time a shell raises a geyser alongside the Nautilus, showering the decks. The warship heels with the concussion, shifting course.

249. IN THE WHEELHOUSE more power is fed into the motors, the dials spinning to maximum. Over the roar of the machinery there is a scraping sound. The submarine jars, lifts and grinds astern. Nemo's face is beaded with sweat as he urges the last ounce of energy into the laboring motors. A blast shakes the wheelhouse as a shell explodes dead ahead, a livid sheet of flame lighting the ports.

NEMO

We're breaking out!

He presses his body tight against the wheel.

250. THE WARSHIP COMES UP FASTER, looming big. The submarine's propeller spins as shells whip to port and starboard. Inching back, the Nautilus, with a rending screech, shoots free of the reef.
251. UNDER WATER the keel lifts clear, the submarine reversing full speed, motors drumming smoothly.
252. THE NAUTILUS sweeps astern, clearing the reef. There is a rush of water as the propeller bites into the current, racing forward now. Slowly, the submarine comes around, veering for the open sea, the warship steaming fast astern, paddles pounding. A heavy salvo scatters shells in a pattern around the target. One of them hits, raising a cataract alongside. The submarine heels far over, bits of the hull whirling up in a waterspout of spray and smoke.
253. THE ELAST TEARS A HOLE beneath the water line and the ocean gushes through a jagged hole, spurting up in a fountain over the bilge plates, rising to spill across the floor of:

254. THE CREW'S QUARTERS, lifting furniture, swirling around the bunks. One of the sailors, leaping down from a bunk, finds himself waist-deep in the flood and runs for the door, a wave towering behind him, mattresses and gear plunging along the crest. He squeezes out, slamming the water-tight door.

255. THE WHEELHOUSE gives a sickening lurch. Nemo fights the wheel. Bells clang loudly.

NEMO

Man the water-tight doors!

The mate exits on the run.

256. IN THE PASSAGEWAY BELOW water spurts at high pressure around the edges of the water-tight door as the men start dogging down the clamps.

257. OUT.

258. THE NAUTILUS sags by the stern, dipping beneath the keel of the warship which plows past in a whelter of foam.

259. DIALS IN THE WHEELHOUSE revolve and the sea engulfs the ports. The floor sea-saws upwards, causing Nemo to stumble and lose his grip on the wheel.

260. IN THE SALON Aronnax and Conseil stumble away from the viewing well as the floor of the room teeters and a bright flash lights the port. Suddenly, the viewport fans shut.

ARONNAX

We're sinking!

Clinging to the rail around the viewing well, the Professor starts for the exit forward, Conseil staggering ahead.

CONSEIL

Wait! They're shutting the door!

He lunges into the passage beyond the fountain as the heavy water-tight door slams closed.

261. ON THE OTHER SIDE a sailor spins the wheel-lock on the door, locking it tight.

262. THE STEEL DOOR AT THE REAR OF THE SALON is pulled closed with a bang and similarly locked, Aronnax and Conseil running towards it a moment too late. A dull boom resounds throughout the ship, the floor teetering steeply. Suddenly, the lights dim and wink off, leaving only the eerie glow of the blue emergency lamps along the floor. Conseil points to the overhead dials, faintly illuminated, the needles sweeping rapidly upward.

CONSEIL

Look...!

A bell rings as the forty foot mark is passed.

263. THE BOW OF THE NAUTILUS hovers briefly over the surface, then vanishes, the submarine charging for the depths as the warship, coming about, lobs another shell after it. A plume of white water appears, falling with a splash. The Nautilus is gone.

264. THE WATER-TIGHT DOOR BULGES OUT. Men are bracing stanchions against it, but the pressure is too great, streams of water cascading into the passageway. A moment before the door collapses, the crew makes a run for:

265. THE NEXT COMPARTMENT, running ahead of the wall of water rearing up behind them. Another water-tight door is slammed tight in the engine room, the men sweating to secure it.

266. THE NAUTILUS sinks on an angle, down by the stern, while above the warship circles the surface like a water-bug.

267. NEMO steps to the speaking tube in the wheelhouse.

NEMO

Emergency pumps!

The thump and clatter of pumps is added to the rumble of motors as the needles shiver back slowly across the dials.

268. NED LAND rips the door of his cabin open. The husky crewman blocks the exit, shoving him back.

NED

Listen - this bucket's going down!
You can't leave me in here!

268. CONTINUED

For answer the crewman pulls the door shut in his face and drops an iron bar into a slot, securely locking the door.

269. IN THE ENGINE ROOM the crew has erected a scaffold of steel braces in front of the leaking door, but still the water shoots around the edges in streams. The roar of the pumps is deafening and the bulkhead continues to bulge.

270. BUBBLES are rising in the flooded compartment as the pumps suck water out at the bottom.

271. A VENT IN THE HULL gushes dirty water and oil from the interior.

272. THE MEN throw their weight against the bulging water-tight door as a stanchion flies loose, whipping across the engine room. One of the plates bends out in the bulkhead, causing a fresh stream to hiss from the leak.

273. THE FLOOR OF THE FLOODED COMPARTMENT begins to sag down, a cross-member bending under the terrific pressure above. There is a sharp snapping of tortured steel and the girder, collapsing, jack-knives down and engages the whirling polished surface of the main shaft. Like a buzz-saw, the shaft chews into the girder in a flurry of sparks, the metal growing hot, smoking. With a scream, the shaft freezes.

274. THE PUMPS STOP with a grinding clank.

275. A BEAM snaps and the water-tight door creaks to the bursting point as the pressure goes up again, the men leaping to brace it shut as the water spurts out with increased fury.

276. DIAL NEEDLES swing down, quivering -- nine hundred feet, nine hundred twenty, dropping lower. At each twenty foot descent a bell rings, the sound coming faster as:

277. THE NAUTILUS sinks like a stone into inky blackness.

278. WATER GURGLES over the steel plates of the power unit, pouring into the machinery. There is a sharp crackle of electricity and a cloud of blue smoke fills the compartment.
279. CAPTAIN NEMO rushes down from the wheelhouse, entering the chart room, going down quickly through the hatch into the outfitting room, followed by two crewmen who shut the hatch behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

280. OUT.

281. CAPTAIN NEMO enters the engine room, crossing the sloping floor to join the mate and crew examining the jammed shaft. Bluish smoke is filtering up from the bilge plated and the men are coughing.

NEMO

How much water in the power compartment?

MATE

Five feet - and rising, sir.

NEMO

We can't breathe these fumes.
I must have power!

MATE

The shaft's jammed solid.

NEMO

Clear it then. I can't work a dead ship.

(turning)

Secure the spare shaft. Leverage!

Leading the way, Nemo strides over to the spare shaft, helping to remove it from its fittings on the starboard side.

NEMO

(directing others)

Unlimber the hoist!

The crew, slipping and sliding in the rising water, pull an overhead chain hoist into position, securing tackle to one end of the shaft as the first group thrusts the other end deep beneath the overhand pressing the cylinder flush against the thick metal floor support at the base of the flooded forward compartment. Coughing, Nemo stoops, watching as the shaft is lifted on the hoist.

281. CONTINUED

NEMO

Take up the slack - steady...

The shaft creaks. There is a sudden pop and more water zips from the bulkhead, shooting in heavy streams across the engine room, drenching the men.

NEMO

More...

282. THE MEN haul tight on the chain hoist and the other end of the shaft is pulled towards the ceiling, bending as the slack is taken up.

283. THE FLOOR LIFTS ever so slightly.

284. OVERHEAD the chain hoist groans, the block and tackle stretched like a rubber band. A number of rivets pop out, but the men are tightening the loop again and the shaft, acting as a lever, is drawn upward towards the ceiling, the center section biting into the heavy floor support, squeezing it up an inch at a time.

285. ANOTHER STANCHION lets go, cracking like a match-stick. Nemo seizes the block and tackle, lending his weight to the hauling, streamers of blue smoke curling around him.

286. THE NAUTILUS is still descending, stern-first into the depths.

287-288-289-290 OUT.

291. IN THE SALON Conseil and Aronnax are leaning on the rail of the viewing well, handkerchiefs clasped to their mouths, racked by coughs as the room swirls with smoke. With the viewports closed, the focal point of attention is the lighted battery of dials on the ceiling beam, the needles on the depth gauges squeezing towards the rim of the instruments as the bell tinkles musically. Suddenly, it hits a high-pitched clanging, a continuous warning clamor.

CONSEIL

(gasping)

Professor! The dials aren't moving!

ARONNAX

We've gone too deep.

They wheel as the steel wall above the viewports mushrooms out with a loud ping, water seeping through. A rending crunch is heard and more water gushes across the glass.

CONSEIL

The hull's springing!

Aronnax nods, staggering to the settee, Conseil kneeling at his side, propping his head up.

ARONNAX

(weakly)

I can't breathe!

A loud pop rips the hull, water sprinkling down from the ceiling. Then a whole series of snapping sounds echo throughout the salon, seams opening along the bulkheads, water soaking the draperies.

292. IN THE ENGINE ROOM the crew, led by Nemo, succeeds in raising the floor under the terrific spur of the lever. The chain hoist buckles, spitting rivets, but it holds. Groping through the smoke, Nemo looks at the shaft bent to the breaking point. The girder has barely cleared the main shaft.

NEMO

(coughing)

Quick - braces!

The men force heavy gratings into the space, turning them on end, wedging them solidly between the keel plates and on the floor above. Nemo rises, hurrying to the starting platform.

NEMO

The shaft's clear - take your stations.

292. CONTINUED

He yanks a lever back. A motor thunders. Then another. The pumps crash into action and the engine room becomes a roaring powerhouse of pounding machinery, the smoke snaking into the ventilators.

293. A STREAM OF DIRTY WATER AND OIL spills from the vent, the pumps hammering.

294.- 295. OUT.

296. AN EXHAUST FAN sucks the smoke through a grill in billowing streamers.

297. THE NAUTILUS slows, its descent checked and hangs suspended in space. A million tiny eyes, glowing like headlamps, speed past in waves.

298. NEMO and the mate enter the passageway aft, a seaman twisting the wheel-lock on the water-tight door, admitting them to:

299. THE SALON where Conseil is helping Aronnax to his feet. The room is rapidly clearing of smoke as Nemo and the mate enter, the latter continuing on as another sailor opens the forward water-tight door leading to the chart room. He exits.

NEMO

(pausing)

The air will clear now that the fans are operating. Are you alright?

ARONNAX

Much better, thank you.

CONSEIL

Have we stopped sinking?

NEMO

Yes, just in time, too.

(glances at dials)

There are limits beyond which man and his puny efforts cannot survive. We exceeded them by five thousand feet.

299. CONTINUED

He steps into the viewing well, bending over the control panel.

MEMO

We are deeper than man has ever gone before and there's something out here that might interest you, Professor.

He works the controls, and the viewport opens to an explosion of colored lights outside, weird fish flashing by, forming electric chains, shooting in all directions to burst like star shells. Nemo exits as bells sound and the submarine begins to rise. Aronnax and Conseil hurry into the viewing well.

CONSEIL

What are they?

ARONNAX

I don't know. Most of them defy classification. Creatures of darkness in a world of eternal night...The very pressures that would destroy us nourish these obscene monsters.

A fiendish thing, aglow from nose to tail, swims by the viewport, eyes goggling crazily. A lantern fish undulates past. Another grotesque freak soars into view, lights checker-boarding along its body. A revolving mass of sparkling curiosities somersaults upward, zooming back to fly apart into tiny spurts of flame, covering the viewport.

300. THE NAUTILUS is making a gradual rise towards the surface, weird fish weaving electric patterns around the hull, their dazzling rays lighting the gloomy depths.

301. AT THE VIEWPORT an enormous humped-back monster with protruding jaw swims right up to the glass, the illumination from its body lighting the faces of Conseil and Aronnax inside.

302. INSIDE THE SALON the Professor and Conseil stare in wonderment as grey mullet with stripes of gold flicker past, the water crackling with phosphorescent light.

ARONNAX

Beautiful...

302. CONTINUED

CONSEIL

(shudders)

And horrible. I'd hate to be at
their mercy.

ARONNAX

It is their domain - and we are
the trespassers.

A squirming horror of a fish swims into the scene, horns
and flapping antennae trailing from its body, disappearing
as another school of gaudy creatures flicker past, changing
color.

DISSOLVE TO:

303. THE SUBMARINE FORGING UPWARD amid the darting shapes of
marine life. As it passes out of scene, a giant squid
swims after it, gliding easily in the bubbles of the wake,
reaching out with long tentacles. Directly behind it
appears another squid.

304. THE MATE LOOKS AFT FROM THE WHEELHOUSE as the first squid
floats into view astern.

MATE

Giant squid astern, sir.

Nemo turns from the forward section, peering aft.

NEMO

Emergency speed, all engines!

MATE

Aye, sir.

The levers fly ahead at the touch of the crew, the submarine
vibrating to the thrust of power.

305. THE NAUTILUS whisks past with the squid hovering behind,
toying with it, taking its time, swimming in the wake; then
it closes the distance, rushing for the stern. There is a
quick contact and the squid tangles in the racing propeller,
its tentacles sucked into the blades. A cloud of murky
fluid stains the waters as the creature fights the wheel.

306. THE SUBMARINE rears up, the weight of the monster pulling
down the stern.

307. THE SALON drops at a steep angle, flinging Aronnax and
Consoil to the floor.

308. NEMO fights the rolling deck in the wheelhouse, clutching for balance.

MATE
We're fouled, sir.

NEMO
Full repellent charge!

MATE
Aye sir.

He vanishes down the hatch into:

- 308A. THE CHART ROOM where the mate rushes to the control panel, slamming shut a knife switch. There is a snapping of sparks and the hum of power as he advances the rheostat to full capacity.
- 308B. ELECTRICITY crackles along the hull of the submarine in waves of leaping sparks, livid showers encircling the squid. Something explodes astern, fire lacing the water.
- 308C. THE CONTROL PANEL rips from the bulkhead in a blast of smoke and sparks, the rheostat dangling loosely as the mate reels back, then battles his way through the smoke trying to renew the contact.
309. ASTERN THE SQUID relaxes its hold, sinking away from the submarine, stunned. Slowly, the Nautilus comes back on an even keel.
- 309A. THE SECOND SQUID maneuvers into view, zooming above the hull. With a quick lunge it descends, wrapping its tentacles around the submarine, causing it to sag again.
- 309B. THE SALON dips and weaves, Aronnax and Conseil crashing into the tumbling furniture, horrified at the sight of:
- 309C. AN ENORMOUS TENTACLE swimming past the glass viewport, bristling with suction cups.
310. THE WHEELHOUSE SEESAWS DOWN, standing on end as Nemo claws his way to the wheel. The mate, his face blackened from the explosion, comes up the hatch.

NEMO
Prepare another charge!

MATE
Sorry, sir, all elements burned out.

310. CONTINUED

NEMO

Then we must fight on the surface.
Call all hands.

The mate grabs the speaking tube.

MATE

All hands!

The crew work the levers as bells clang and the dials
roll to zero.

NEMO

Blow all ballast! Full forward
speed!

MATE

All ballast -- full ahead!

Air shrieks from the tanks as the motors roar.

311. THE SUBMARINE LIFTS, straightens, leaning to one side
as the squid hangs on with savage determination.

312. OUT

313. Nemo lurches to the head of the circular staircase,
looking down.

HELMSMAN

Ninety feet!

NEMO

Trim the ship!

The mate rushes past him.

313A. OUT

313B. BELOW IN THE CHART ROOM the crew is gathering, armed
with axes, harpoons and flensing irons. Nemo comes
halfway down the steps, the mate hurrying ahead to the
hatch control panel.

NEMO

(to the crew - barking orders)
You'll be fighting at close quarters
with the most tenacious of all sea
beasts. Stay clear of the tentacles.
They'll seize anything within reach
and hang on to the death! The only
vital spot is between the eyes!

313B. CONTINUED

He comes down, seizing an axe.

HELMSMAN'S VOICE

Forty feet - surfacing!

314. THE NAUTILUS breaks the surface in the red after-glow of sunset, the ugly body of the squid silhouetted against the horizon, its long tentacles writhing.

315. THE CREW waits tensely in chart room.

NEMO

Stand by the main hatch!

MATE

Aye, sir.

The floor rocks to a roar of air charging at high pressure. A click of switches and the hatch rumbles open, water cascading down on the crew as they rush up the steps, Nemo taking the lead, brandishing the axe..

315A. ON DECK the squid raises a long tentacle, stabbing it into the main hatch.

315B. THE FLAT SKATE-LIKE END OF THE TENTACLE shoots down the steps, the men falling back as it lashes around the room, feeling for a grip. Nemo and the crew flatten themselves against the bulkhead.

NEMO

Quick - a grating!

The mate with two men duck under the exploring arm, ripping up a deck grating. The tentacle sweeps above them like an elephant's trunk.

315C. CONSEIL AND ARONNAX appear in the alleyway to the salon, drawing back in horror as the tentacle bangs against the steel walls, shaking the curtains.

316. NEMO edges towards the mate, axe in hand.

NEMO

Now - throw it!

316. CONTINUED

The men toss the grating into the maw of the tentacle, which folds around it like a glove, whipping it back against the railing, tearing loose ends of piping, then snapping it against the doorway to the hatch. The grating prevents the tentacle from withdrawing. Angered, the squid flails out, the grating whirling around the compartment in maddened fury, a gigantic battering ram.

316A. TWO MEN ARE FLUNG to the walls, stunned and bloody. The grating, sailing away, strikes another, knocking him end over end in the passageway. Aronnax and Conseil leap aside. Nemo and the others crouch to one side as the thrashing arm slams the grating back and forth in a terrible pounding din of noise. A man, trying to leap beneath it, is caught, hands raised and sent reeling, the axe flying from his grasp.

NEMO

(yelling)

On deck - the forward hatch!

He leaps into the passageway forward, the others following as the grating slaps the circular staircase, rebounding into the control panel with a shattering crash of breaking glass.

316B. THE FORWARD HATCH opens, Nemo bounding out with the crew at his heels. The second long tentacle uncoils like a ribbon, flicking two men overside as Nemo and the others deploy aft, hugging the wheelhouse.

317. THRASHING ALONGSIDE the submarine is the ugly head of the monster, one tentacle locked in the main hatch, the other smashing back and forth like a boom as the smaller tentacles reach out in all directions. The big tentacle snakes over the wheelhouse, wrapping itself around several men pressed against the steel walls. Ripping past, it tears the shirts from its victims, rolling them into the sea.

317A. NEMO with a small group attacks the tentacle, chopping madly with their axes.

317B. SLIPPING AND FALLING ON THE DECK Nemo rushes forward as the arm curls around one of the crew, battering him flat. The Captain chops at the tentacle, which whips away, flinging its victim high into the air.

317C. THE MAN lands in the sea with a splash.

318. SMALLER TENTACLES have found their mark, slithering around another victim. Desperately, his comrades pull the suction cups away, hacking furiously with their axes, severing the arm.

318A. THE CREW fights along the sloping bilge, lashing out with their weapons, Nemo edging aft, harpoon held ready for a side shot.

319. BELOW DECKS Conseil and Aronnax survey the chaos in the chart room from the salon alley.

ARONNAX

Help me with that man.

He refers to an injured crew member, crumpled on the floor. They start out as the tentacle weaves back and forth with the grating. Ducking under it, the Professor and Conseil succeed in dragging the man into:

320. THE FORWARD PASSAGEWAY where they straighten, conscious of Ned Land yelling.

NED (O.S.)

Open this door - lemme out!

CONSEIL

It's Ned! I forgot him!

He rushes forward, spurred by the sound of his hammering fists, leaving Aronnax to attend the injured man. Quickly, Conseil removes the bar from the door, Ned pulling it open.

NED

What th' devil's goin' on here?

CONSEIL

Giant squid -- !

A jarring crash overhead interrupts him.

321. ON DECK Nemo chops through a long tentacle, freeing two men pinned underneath.

321A. THE MONSTER'S HEAD heaves out of the water. Then the squid thrashes back, the broken tentacle whirling freely.

322. IN THE CHART ROOM the tentacle with the grating stiffens and smacks the roof of the chamber. The grating is torn loose, clattering to the floor as the tentacle, writhing like a giant anaconda, curls up the steps and out of the hatch. At this moment Ned staggers into the room, his eyes on the retreating arm. He grabs a harpoon from the rack and heads for the steps on the run.

322A. NEMO turns on deck, axe in hand just as the tentacle whirls from the hatch, reaches up and comes down in coils around the Captain.

MATE

Captain!

Nemo struggles, but it is too late. The long arm goes up, carrying him into space.

322B. NED leaps from the hatch, looks up, then jumps to the top of the wheelhouse, poising his harpoon. He hurls it.

323. THE HARPOON goes true, burying itself between the eyes of the monster as it begins sliding away from the hull.

324. NEMO hits the water with a splash, the tentacle dragging him towards the parrot beak of the squid. The Captain yells, aware of his fate. Slowly the squid sinks, pulling Nemo under.

325. CONSEIL AND ARRONAX emerge from the hatch just as Ned, snatching up a knife from the deck, springs from the wheelhouse, sprinting madly for the side. He dives, cutting the water and disappearing.

326. UNDER THE SURFACE Nemo, tightly encircled by the tentacle, is drawn down in the death grip of the squid. Suddenly, Ned glides into view, maneuvering close to the drowning man. Clutching the slimy arm, he pries the flesh away from the Captain, jamming his arm as a wedge between the suction cups and the man. Then, with a slashing drive, he digs the knife deep, ripping with all his force. The arm goes limp, Ned pulling Nemo away in a cloud of jet-black ooze. Kicking his feet and holding the Captain, Ned swims for the surface.

327. THE HARPOONER comes out of the water, holding Nemo's head above the waves, sputtering and coughing.

NED

(yelling)

Get a line to me!

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328. ON THE SUBMARINE the crew responds, throwing a line which snakes away, landing with a splash. Expertly, then, Ned loops the line around Nemo's arms and, treading water, guides the unconscious man as the men pull him in.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 328A. THE DECK OF THE NAUTILUS with Ned watching, his breath coming in labored gasps, as the crew work over Nemo. Aronnax and Conseil watch anxiously. Presently, Nemo's eyes flutter open. The men lift his head.

NEMO

(weakly)

Wait.

(sits up, staring at Ned)

Mr. Land, you saved my life.

(pauses, shuts eyes)

Why?

Ned looks helplessly at Aronnax, shrugs.

NED

That's a good question. If I had th' choice again I'd have saved th' other monster.

(to Aronnax)

There's only one thing a fellow can do when he's made a mistake as big as this.

Ned starts down the deck.

ARONNAX

(pointedly)

Yes?

NED

(half turning)

Get drunk, if he can.

He disappears down the main hatch as the crew assist Nemo to his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

329. THE NAUTILUS moves at full speed across the surface of the sea, raising a huge bow wave. The sound of Ned singing is heard.

330. IN NED'S QUARTERS the harpooner is squatting on the floor, his back against the bunk, playing the guitar and singing. Next to him the seal keeps time with its flippers, responding to the rhythm breaks. A specimen bottle stands open, and it is apparent Ned is half-seas over.

330.

CONTINUED

NED

(singing tipsily)
...a whale of a tale an' it's
all true I swear by my tatoo...

He tilts the bottle to his lips, blinks his eyes. The
seal barks and he offers the animal a cigar.

NED

Be my guest.

The seal gobbles the cigar, Ned patting him on the head.
Then with a bellowing shout he launches into the verse.

NED

(drunkenly)
There was old man Nemo
Fed his crew on worms an' fishes
Eels for breakfast
Slimy cold on seaweed dishes
When they ate it they knew it wasn't beef
But eat they did th' snakes an' squid
A' smellin' like a reef?

During the above Conseil enters, leaving the door open to
the passageway.

CONSEIL

(finger to lips)
Not so loud!

(smiles)
I see they've taken the guard
away.

He indicates the empty passageway as Ned teeters to his
feet, gargling the last of the bottle.

NED

Yeah, I've got th' run of th' ship.
(grimaces)
Big-hearted Nemo!

CONSEIL

The Professor's very happy about
it. After all, it's the first time
Nemo's shown any gratitude.

NED

Well, to quote his own words, I
want none of his gratitude!

He flings the bottle against the bulkhead, shattering it.

DISSOLVE TO:

331-332. OUT.

333. ARONNAX is entering Nemo's cabin to find the Captain standing at his desk, arms braced on either side of the journal which he is reading.

ARONNAX

My apprentice tells me you took my journal.

(as Nemo turns)

May I ask why?

NEMO

I keep no log on the Nautilus, Professor, and I was frankly curious to read your account of the giant squid -- in particular my narrow escape and rescue.

(picks up journal)

According to you Mr. Land is a hero in the best tradition of cheap fiction.

ARONNAX

(nettled)

That can only be true if you consider your life cheap, Captain.

Nemo seats himself on the edge of the desk, toying with the journal.

NEMO

I might have expected you to say that.

(flipping pages)

Actually, he regrets saving my life, as much as I would regret saving his. The only difference is that I wouldn't have tried.

ARONNAX

Then it is that difference that gives Ned Land a human dignity you no longer possess. May I tell you something?

Nemo smiles.

NEMO

(amused)

You seem determined to - go ahead.

ARONNAX

You protest too much. I know you've been deeply touched by Ned's gesture, but you're ashamed to admit it. You can't tolerate a faith in humanity, because if you do all this --

333. CONTINUED

ARONNAX (cont'd)
(indicates submarine)
-- the structure of your very existence which you have built on hate and vengeance, all this will collapse around the naked lie of your life! You're a beaten man at war with the dictates of his heart...

NEMO
(calmly)
And you're a very gullible man, Professor.

He hands Aronnax the journal.

ARONNAX
Gullible?

NEMO
Yes. You're too easily swayed by sentiment.-- good deeds over bad, the crude extremes.
(straightens)
You over-simplify matters. The world is more complex than that, and good must not be measured on a scale as small as Mr. Land's brash heroics. What he would do one day, he would gladly undo the next. To be of benefit, goodness must be constant, forever building -- it must have strength!

ARONNAX
I'm afraid that what you seek is perfection, Captain. You'll never find it.

NEMO
I've already found it.
(with a wave)
Here. It is the world outside that is imperfect. If men and nations had this goodness I speak of, I would be willing to share all this. My records, everything!

Nemo moves to a cabinet and pushes shut one of the drawers, snapping the catch.

ARONNAX
Have you considered sharing it?

333. CONTINUED

NEMO

That is the only reason you're alive today, Professor. From the moment you came aboard the Nautilus I had hoped you might be the key to a plan I had in mind.

(sighs regretfully)

I'd intended using you as an emissary, but now I don't know.

He strolls over to the chart, fingering the pantograph as Aronnax, suddenly hopeful, follows, unable to suppress his excitement.

ARONNAX

Is it that you don't trust me, Captain?

NEMO

No, but you're ever the optimist.
(facing him, gravely)
Do you really believe they'd lay down their arms and abolish their slave camps?

ARONNAX

I think I could persuade them.
(earnestly)
Let me try.

Nemo is silent, moving the pantograph of the submarine across the chart towards Vulcania.

NEMO

We are nearing Vulcania.
(points to chart)

I want you to see the extent of these secrets they've hounded me for, the knowledge that costs the lives of those dearest to me.

(rises, eyes flashing)
The power that is still mine! Enough energy to lift all mankind from the depths of hell into heaven!

(subsides)
Perhaps then you will feel less inclined to barter such a prize. We'll discuss it at that time.

He looks towards the door as an alarm bell sounds and the motors noise is stilled. Perplexed, he makes a move to leave when the mate enters saluting.

333. CONTINUED

MATE
We've raised the island.

NEMO
Why have we stopped?

MATE
There are warships ahead, sir.
Nemo reads something in the mate's drawn face.

NEMO
Bearing what flag?

MATE
(grimly)
No flag.

He exits, Nemo turning to Aronnax.

NEMO
(flaring)
There is your answer, Professor.
We have been ambushed by the very
forces you wished to trade with!

He strides out, leaving Aronnax stunned and wordless.
Slowly, he follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

334. FOG IS RISING FROM A GLASSY SEA and the island, faintly obscured, appears dead ahead, sheer cliffs jutting upward into a cloud bank topped by the volcanic cone. Between the submarine and the island, dark shapes are emerging from the fog -- warships, a sizable fleet of black-hulled fighting ships, grouped in formation, ready and waiting.

335. IN THE WHEELHOUSE OF THE NAUTILUS Captain Nemo studies the scene through a telescope, the mate and Aronnax standing at his side as the crew awaits orders.

NEMO
(heavily)
Their boarding parties have
already landed.
(hands Aronnax telescope)
This is a dark hour for history,
Professor.

Aronnax doesn't answer, training the glass through the ports.

336. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE a horde of armed men can be seen sweeping up the outer slopes of the volcano.

MATE'S VOICE

They'll be over the summit in half an hour, sir.

NEMO'S VOICE

I estimate twenty minutes.

337. ARONNAX lowers the telescope, miserable and defeated.

NEMO

(to mate)

Everything must be destroyed before they reach the lagoon! Ready to dive!

MATE

Diving stations.

Nemo brushes past Aronnax and takes the wheel.

NEMO

Ahead full -- down four degrees!

MATE

Four degrees down, all engines.

The motors thunder into motion and the dial needles swing. Spray hits the ports as the submarine plunges down on a gradual descent, a wave lashing over the wheelhouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

338. THE NAUTILUS passing in a long arc beneath the keels of the warships. Straightening, it follows the contour of the ocean floor, swooping close to the bottom. Then, as the land begins to rise, the searchlight blinks on and the submarine zooms straight for what appears to be solid rock, only to vanish suddenly into the black mouth of an under-water tunnel, leaving a trail of bubbles.

339. INSIDE THE TUNNEL the submarine rockets ahead with a scant few feet clearance on either side, banking as it races past protruding rocks, the searchlight beam dancing wildly along the walls.

340. NEMO SHIFTS THE WHEEL as jagged rocks reach from the darkness, the tunnel turning white in the dancing beam. He steadies himself to the lurching floor, peering ahead as Aronnax clings to a stanchion.

340. CONTINUED

NEMO

Half on engines.

MATE

Half, sir.

The levers rock backwards.

NEMO

All astern!

MATE

All astern, sir!

The men work swiftly, yanking the levers as the submarine flies out of the tunnel, the engines thundering in reverse.

341. BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE LAGOON the Nautilus curves away from the inside mouth of the tunnel, circling slowly to stop and rise vertically and break through:

342. THE SHIMMERING WATERS OF THE LAGOON, a completely landlocked pool nestled like a gem at the bottom of a volcanic crater. Towering walls of rock rise steeply to the cone and along the shore are evidences of Nemo's genius -- a giant solar reflector, its bowl shining in the sun. On either side pipes extend into the air and there are cyclotrons, transformers workshops and other strange machines to complete the picture. On the ways another submarine is in process of construction. Amid this the Nautilus surfaces, chain pounding loudly as she swings to anchor in the center of the lagoon.

343. NEMO COMES DOWN FROM THE WHEELHOUSE to brush past Conseil and Ned standing in the chart room below. The mate is already working the hatch mechanism, Nemo hurrying past to run up the steps as the hatch rumbles open. Several crew members rush after them and they vanish outside. Aronnax descends into scene.

NED

What's all the excitement about?

ARONNAX

We're at the base - and the island's surrounded by warships.

CONSEIL

Warships?

He exchanges a significant glance with Ned, who bounds up the steps.

344. ON DECK Nemo is already aboard the skiff with two oarsmen, who shove off, the crew helping with the lines. The Captain shouts to the mate on the Nautilus.

NEMO

Have everything in readiness aboard.

MATE

Aye, sir.

The men bend to the oars, the skiff moving off in the direction of shore. A rattle of rifle fire is heard.

345. FROM THE MAIN HATCH Conseil, Aronnax and Ned look up and off.

NED

(excitedly)

They're comin' - look!

He points as more shots ring out.

346. FAR UP ON THE RIM OF THE VOLCANO'S CONE the vanguard of the enemy pops into view -- miniature figures silhouetted against the sun, weapons glinting as they begin sliding down the slopes towards the center of the crater. Reinforcements appear behind them, pouring over the edge, firing as they come.

347. THE SKIFF CARRYING NEMO comes alongside a small pier extending out from the warehouse. Ducking the rain of bullets, the Captain leaps to the wharf, hurrying towards the building with long strides. The others secure the skiff and follow, running.

348. WATCHING FROM THE NAUTILUS, Conseil, Aronnax and Ned seek shelter under the main hatch as bullets sing across the deck, driving Nemo's crew behind the wheelhouse.

349. DOWN THE SLOPES OF THE CRATER the enemy warriors slip and slide, a solid mass fighting the uncertain footing, dust and stones galloping ahead of them. One group deploys on a ridge above the solar reflector, falling to their knees, firing fast.

350. ON THE NAUTILUS Ned suddenly tears his shirt off, climbing out of the hatch.

350. CONTINUED

NED
This is our chance! I'd better
let 'em know we're here!

ARONNAX
(warningly)
Ned - don't!

The harpooner ignores him, leaping to the deck and waving
his shirt above his head.

NED
(yelling)
Hey, you up there - we're friends!

A hurricane of bullets slashes across the submarine,
ricocheting around Ned's feet. He executes a wild
dance, frantically waving the shirt.

NED
(bellowing)
Don't shoot! We're friends, I
tell you! We're th' ones that
threw th' bottles over! We sent
th' messages! Th' messages.

A spread of bullets zips off the deck and into the water
alongside, raising plumes of spray. The mate, lying flat
behind the fin with the crew, signals Ned to get down.
Finding matters too hot, the harpooner ducks down into
the hatch beside Conseil and Aronnax.

NED
(gasping)
That's gratitude for you - after
all we did for 'em.

Aronnax is staring at him with growing awareness.

ARONNAX
You fool! It was you then...

NED
(pleased)
Aye, it was. Somebody had to
strike a blow for freedom.

CONSEIL
We did what we thought was right,
Professor.

Aronnax stares at them with disbelief.

350. CONTINUED

ARONNAX

(a burst of fury)

You don't know what you've done!

The rifle fire grows heavier.

351. THE RIFLEMEN ON THE RIDGE get the range, firing at the warehouse.

352. AN ENTIRE ROW OF GLASS WINDOWS shatters in the warehouse as Captain Nemo bursts from the building, heading down the pier, the crewmen at his heels.

353. THE ENEMY SPILLS DOWN THE SLOPES in greater numbers, fanning out to circle the base. The crater swarms with running men, all firing at the pier where Nemo and his men are climbing aboard the skiff.

354. THE SKIFF SHOVES OFF with Nemo sitting erect in the stern, staring straight ahead as the men send the craft shooting forward, oars dipping deep.

355. THE BULLETS STITCH a frothing path across the surface of the lagoon, spattering against the skiff, geysers of water leaping on both sides.

356. A RATTLE OF BULLETS causes Conseil and Ned to crouch lower in the main hatch.

357. THE MEN PULL THE SKIFF into the lee of the Nautilus, maneuvering closer until several waiting crew members and the mate dart from the protection of the fin and warp the small craft alongside, helping Nemo to the deck.

NEMO

Every man to his station. There's not a moment to waste.

Nemo strides along the deck, pausing at the main hatch as Conseil and Ned retreat below. The mate goes down first, Nemo casting a last look towards the shore.

358. TINY FIGURES rush along the edge of the lagoon, firing rifles.

359. NEMO turns to the hatch and suddenly stiffens. He clutches his side, wincing. Another shot hits him, but he regains his composure and descends.

DISSOLVE TO:

360. NEMO comes up into the wheelhouse where the mate and crew members are waiting. He gives no sign that he is wounded, but steps purposely to the wheel, motioning the helmsman aside.

NEMO

I'll take over now. Blow the ballast. Stand by engines.

MATE

Aye, sir. Standing by.

The engines pound in response to the controls. Air rushes from the tanks. The Nautilus begins to sink. Only then does Nemo turn and expose his tunic, soaked with blood.

MATE

(shocked)

You're wounded, sir.

Nemo nods as the water closes over the wheelhouse ports. Staggering a little, he grasps the wheel, studying the dials.

NEMO

All ahead.

MATE

All ahead, sir.

The crew push the levers into position and the submarine forges ahead.

361. THE NAUTILUS sinking in a swirl of turbulence, shoots towards the tunnel mouth in a blaze of light, zooming from sight.

362. NEMO BRACES HIMSELF AT THE WHEEL. He is fighting his wound. His eyes close in pain as the tunnel walls whisk by outside, dancing wildly in the searchlight beam.

363. JUTTING ROCKS reach out hungrily for the submarine as it veers off course, striking hard and bouncing off in a shower of rubble.

364. NEMO forces himself to concentrate on the steering, the men watching anxiously as he lurches against the wheel, almost losing his balance.
365. BELOW IN THE CHART ROOM Conseil, Ned Land and Aronnax stare up towards the wheelhouse, hanging on to the staircase to keep from falling. A grinding slap hurls them to the leaping floor. The lights flicker.
366. NEMO shakes his head, trying to focus his eyes.
367. THE TUNNEL AHEAD BLURS.
368. THE NAUTILUS plows through sheer rock in a cloud of flying rocks and mud.
369. THE NAUTILUS cuts the black water, flying out of the yawning tunnel mouth in a long glide beneath the warships.
370. CAPTAIN NEMO, his strength ebbing, looks up from the wheel. Blood flecks his lips.

NEMO

Slow on engines -- all controls
eight degrees down.

He relinquishes the wheel, tottering backward, grasping the rail.

MATE

Slow on engines -- down eight.

The levers are thrust forward as the engine speed drops.

NEMO

Lash the wheel.

The crew reacts, aware that this order spells doom.

MATE

Aye, sir.

The mate whips a length of rope from a bracket, lashing the wheel firmly in position. Suddenly, Nemo's legs go limp and he collapses at the head of the ladder. The men lift him up, the mate hurrying down the ladder to assist in lowering Nemo into the chart room.

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371. THE NAUTILUS heads down into the depths, a faint trail of bubbles rising from the wake.
372. IN THE CHART ROOM Conseil, Aronnax and Ned watch in alarm as the Captain is half-carried past into the salon.

372. CONTINUED

ARONNAX
Something's wrong - he's injured!

Worried, he rushes into the passageway, Conseil and Ned following him.

373. IN THE SALON the crew assists Nemo to the viewing well where they set him down gently. Streams of bubbles and weed crawl up past the viewing port and overhead the dials register the descent, the bell tinkling ominously. Already, the room is filling with the other members of the crew as Aronnax, Conseil and Ned crowd forward.

NEMO
We are taking the Nautilus down
for the last time.

MATE
We understand, sir.

A spasm of pain causes Nemo to shut his eyes. Ned makes a move forward, two of the crew seizing him.

NED
Wait a minute! What's this got
to do with us?

Nemo stares at him blankly a moment.

NEMO
I am dying and the Nautilus is dying
with me.

(to Aronnax)
In a matter of minutes, Professor,
an explosion such as the world has
never known will destroy my island
and its works forever. That is why
I have brought the Nautilus here...

(indicates viewports)
...to its last deep resting place.
Here, at least, we will die in peace.

NED
(struggling)
You see? He's taking us with him!

NEMO
Lock them in their quarters - then
go to yours and remain there.

373. CONTINUED

MATE

Aye, sir.

He signals the men, who begin dragging Ned and Conseil out. The harpooner breaks loose, pulling his captors off their feet.

NED

(wildly)

Don't let him do it! All I ask is a fighting chance!

Ned is trundled out with Conseil, the Professor turning again to Nemo.

ARONNAX

Captain, you can't do this! There's more at stake here than just our lives!

(passionately)

Yours was a dream of the future come true! I beg you to reconsider!

Nemo shakes his head solemnly.

NEMO

(simply)

A greater power than mine makes that impossible, Professor.

(leans back)

But there is hope for the future. And when the world is ready for a new and better life, all this will someday come to pass...

(almost a whisper)

In God's good time...

The mate takes Aronnax's arm, leading him out as Nemo lays his head against the settee, opening his eyes to watch the bubbles trailing outside the viewport. The bell chimes off the fathoms. There is a blending of colors in the water as Nemo takes a last look at his beloved ocean and, for a moment, the glass is bright. Then the waters grow dark and unpenetrable. The music theme erases the underwater scene and Nemo's arm falls limply to one side.

374. THE CREW MEMBERS push Conseil into Aronnax's quarters, one hanging onto Ned, who suddenly breaks loose, dragging his captor into:

375. THE FORWARD PASSAGEWAY where they meet the mate approaching with Aronnax. The second sailor rushes out, pinning Ned's arms behind him.

MATE

Put him in the other cabin.

ARONNAX

I'm sorry, Ned.

The mate thrusts him into his own quarters.

NED

(through clenched teeth)
Don't give up mates. We're no
part of any suicide pact...

The mate holds the door open as the men squeeze in behind Ned, the mate waiting in corridor.

376. IN NED'S CABIN the harpooner suddenly lunges forward, hits the floor and throws both men off balance. They crash against the desk as the harpooner flings himself at the mate, landing such a punch that the man flies across the passageway, Ned wheeling to swing on the others. His fist catches the first one in the mouth, sending him reeling back into the cabin, colliding with the second man. Then Ned slams the door, grabbing a bar from the bracket, holding the knob as the men inside try to pull it open. As the bar drops into place, the mate, scrambling up, grabs Ned's arm, spinning him around. This time Ned hits him so hard that he practically dents the bulkhead, slipping unconscious to the deck. The men inside are pounding on the door as the harpooner rushes down the passageway.

377. NED FLIES UP THE LADDER IN THE CHART ROOM, disappearing into:
378. THE WHEELHOUSE where the lashed wheel catches his eye. He rips the rope away, then pounces on the levers, whipping them back in furious haste. Bells clang and the motors race. The deck cants and the dial needles travel, air rushing from the ballast tanks. Ned looks through the rear window, checking the angle of climb.
379. THE NAUTILUS is wheeling as though on an axis, bubbles exploding from the vents, the propeller wash churning white in the murky depths. Slowly, it pokes its bow up, forging for the surface.
380. IN THE WHEELHOUSE Ned seizes the wheel, steadying the ship. He gives the levers another pull, lashes the wheel in position, then vaults down the ladder.
381. WHIRLING UPWARD the Nautilus heads towards an overhanging shelf of reef. Blindly, the submarine strikes with a shuddering crash, rocks, coral and torn bits of metal spattering out.
382. THE FORWARD PASSAGEWAY JACK-KNIFES in the center, the walls buckling as a rush of water pours through the broken hull. Stumbling to his knees, Ned is swept backwards as the mate, revived by the torrent, staggers to his feet, lifting a harpoon from the rack. Ned claws his way towards the man as he attacks, kicking out with his foot. The harpoon sails from the mate's hand. And the blow that follows causes the man to trot backwards, losing his balance in the swirling flood. He comes up hard against the bulkhead and eggs as Ned wrenches the bolt from the Professor's quarters. Conseil and Aronnax appear.

CONSEIL

Ned...?

NED

(wildly)

I've taken over th' ship!

(grabs them)

Let's get outa here!

Thrashing knee-deep in the flooded corridor, Ned leads them aft.

383. THE NAUTILUS, trailing oil, floats to the surface, breaking out in a smother of white water, the stern awash.

384. THE CHART ROOM is rapidly filling as Ned, Conseil and Aronnax enter, the water sloshing around their waists, bubbling up through the hatch and coming down in solid sheets from the wheelhouse.

NED

(gasping)

Up th' steps - under th' hatch!

He shinnies up the circular staircase, looking into wheelhouse.

NED

We're on th' surface! Stand by!

He drops, scrambles up and flounders over to the control panel, yanking levers. The hatch slides open, water pouring down the stairs in a shaft of sunlight. Conseil crawls towards the light, but Aronnax starts back towards Nemo's cabin.

NED

(turning from controls)

Professor - what're you doing?
That island's gonna blow any second!

ARONNAX

I must get his records...

Furious, Ned wades after him, pushing aside the chart table which floats between them. The water is rising faster now. Aronnax tries to throw Ned off, struggling with him. Suddenly the harpooner lashes out, clipping him solidly on the jaw, splashing back with the limp body until he reaches the steps. Here he lifts the Professor, and drags him towards the hatch.

385. THE DECK OF THE NAUTILUS is rising and falling like a water-logged raft, Conseil standing up to his knees, clinging to the skiff which is floating free from its compartment, secured by lines. He turns as Ned carries the Professor through the rising water.

CONSEIL

The Professor - is he hurt?

NED

Into th' skiff with him!
Gimme a hand!

385. CONTINUED

He boosts Aronnax into the skiff, Conseil climbing aboard to pull him aboard. Ned slashes the lines with his knife. A wave curls across the deck, nearly knocking him overboard. A sudden barking attracts their attention as the seal flops out of the hatch, swimming furiously along the deck.

NED

Hey, we can't leave him!
(holds skiff)

Nosey - come on!

He gives the seal a lift, the animal jumping into the small boat as Ned shoves clear of the submarine, leaping aboard.

DISSOLVE TO:

386. THE SKIFF plunges over the ground swells, Ned bent double at the oars. Conseil, dipping a handkerchief into the water, is swabbing Aronnax's face, the seal curled up under the thwarts. A dull boom rolls across the sea and Ned ships the oars, looking back.

NED

There she blows!

Aronnax and Conseil turn, peering back over the glassy sea.

387. THE THUNDEROUS SOUND GROWS LOUDER. In the middle distance the Nautilus lifts to the surge, a long black shape. To one side, under the jutting cliffs, the warships are grouped. As the rumbling builds ominously, the entire island appears to shimmer and blur. All at once the volcanic cone turns flaming red, jagged fissures appearing around the slope like luminous veins. As we watch, the whole island disintegrates, blotting out the sun. Vast chunks of earth, turning and twisting, whirl upward. A terrifying blast follows, deafening and continuous. And still the debris climbs into the sky, rising dots exploding in white puffs, a curtain of sparks falling away from them into the mammoth, revolving fire ball which appears, spinning up in the darkening sky. And now a wall of foaming water rushes from the vortex, charging over the sea to lift high the warships, engulfing them as it speeds on, an angry tidal wave.

388. ARONNAX, transfixed, stands upright in the skiff.

388. CONTINUED

Ned scrambles to his side, Conseil staring off as a deep undersea blast rolls like thunder.

389. THE TIDAL WAVE sweeps towards the Nautilus, hurling the submarine on her beam's end in a boiling sea. Flaming rocks like meteors fall in a steady rain, hissing into the water. Slowly the island, its cone blazing like a lump of molten iron, begins to sink, the red glare silhouetting the submarine. Tossed like a twig in the madly-racing sea, the Nautilus rears up, half-submerged, the entire forward section pointing towards the heaven like an avenging finger. The ship hangs in this position for a long moment before beginning its last slide to the depths. Then, as though weary of the battle, it plunges towards the fathomless ocean beneath.

390. ARONNAX'S FACE reflects the deep emotion he feels. He sits down, clutching the sides of the skiff. Ned makes a leap for the oars.

391. A WAVE flings itself at the skiff, pouring over the sides, whirling past in dying fury.

392. THE SKIFF shoots up on the crest of the tidal wave, dropping back in the trough, rocking dangerously, Ned, battling the oars, brings the bow into the flailing white-caps.

393. THE TURBULENT SEA subsides and the skiff climbs a giant comber. The ocean is empty now and against the horizon an enormous mushroom cloud billows into the sky, a grim symbol of destruction and a warning of things to come.

394. ARONNAX, holding his journal, looks back, unable to tear his eyes away from the spectacle.

NED

Sorry I had to wallop you, Professor. There wasn't time to stop for souvenirs.

He crawls over to join Aronnax and Conseil in the stern-sheets.

ARONNAX

(to Ned)

Perhaps you did mankind a service, Ned.

394. CONTINUED

CONSEIL
That cloud - the size of it!

Aronnax nods as though recalling Nemo's prophesy.

395.

THE HORIZON IS DWARFED BY THE HIDEOUS CLOUD. The deep organ tones of our main theme intrude and we hear Nemo's voice over the diminishing sounds of destruction.

NEMO'S VOICE

...There is hope for the future.
And when the world is ready for
a new and better life, all this
will someday come to pass... In
God's good time.

396.

THE CLOUD GROWS LARGER, spreading to fill the sky, but the sun is breaking through behind now, tinging the outer corners with the golden glow of a new day dawning.

FADE OUT.

THE END